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JOURNEY TO CHUNGKING
by
Daniel Nelson

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JOURNNEY TO CHUNGKING



BY DANIEL MELSON

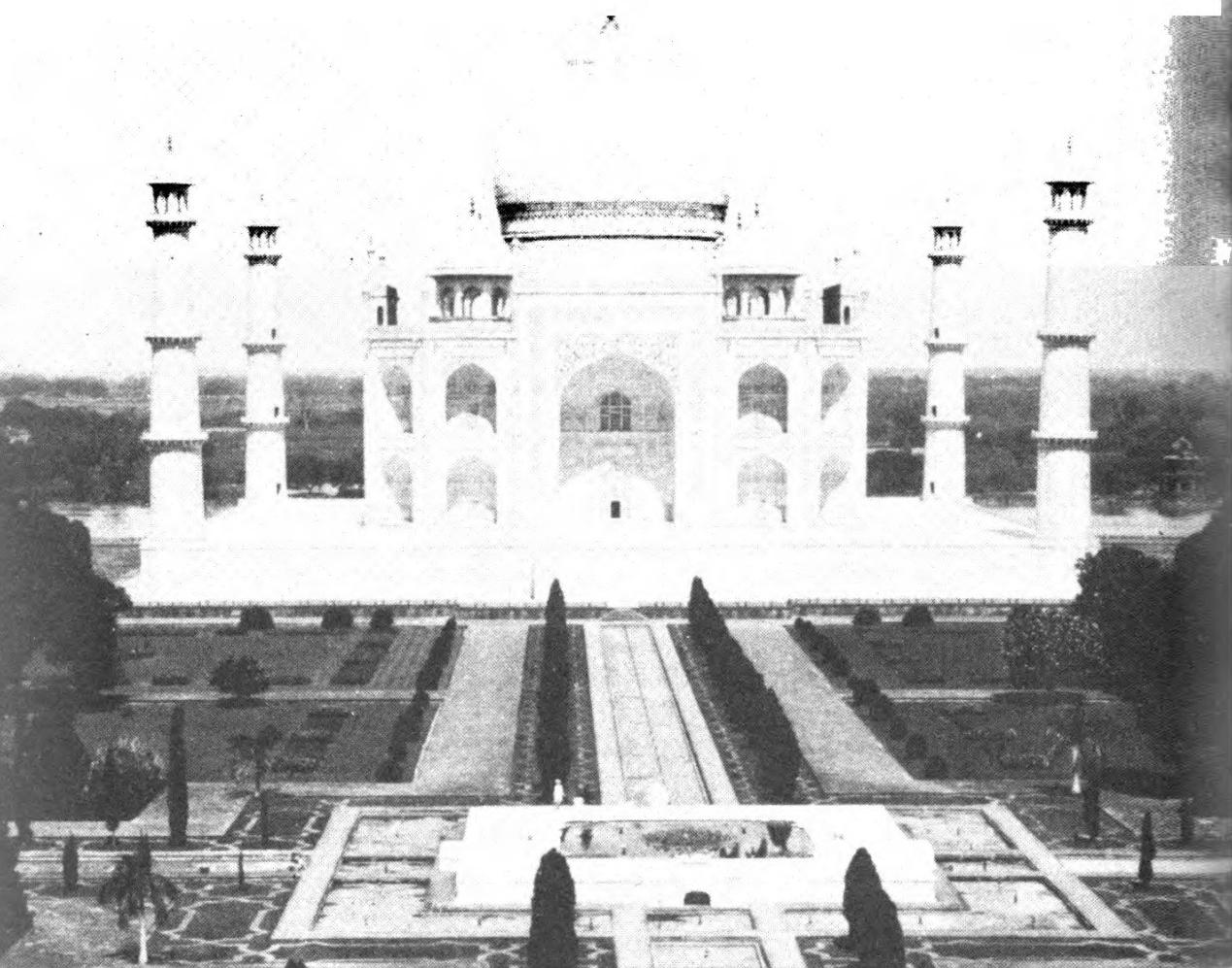
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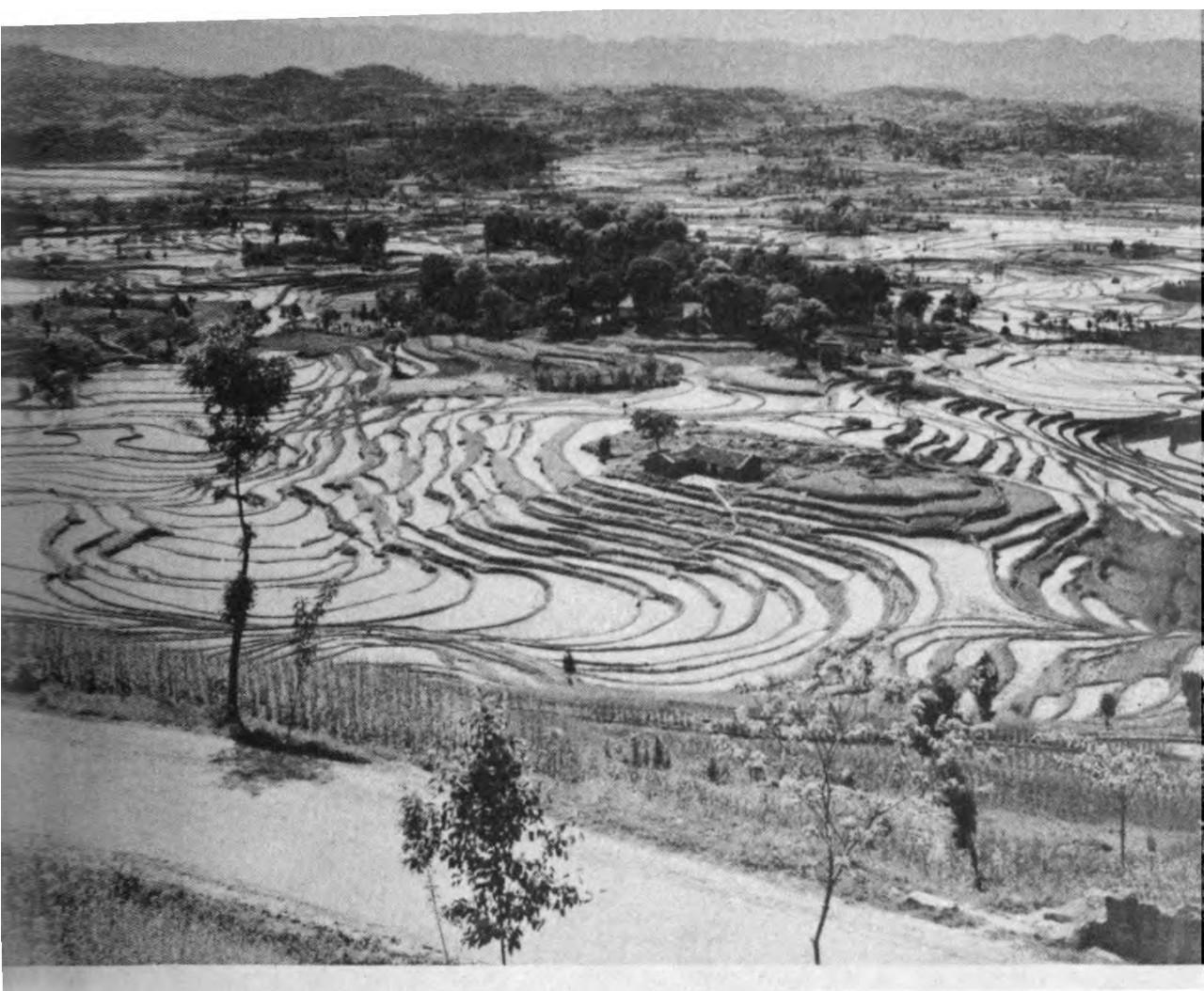
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Dr. Daniel Nelson indicates on the map of China where his journey is to take him. When in China Dr. Nelson frequently wears the Chinese costume.



The Taj Mahal, in Agra, India, is generally accepted as one of the most magnificent architectural monuments in the world.



A fertile valley between the mountains of Szechuan Province. The terraced rice fields show the contour of the land. A view along the Chungking-Chengtu highway, a few miles west of Koloshan.



A view of the waterfront of Chungking at the intersection of the Chia Ling and Yangtze rivers. Shops, banks, and residences cling to the steep banks of the city streets.

Because of air raids, mountain caves are used for dormitories and classrooms of the exiled Chinese universities that moved westward so as to continue their work in Free China. Financial aid, to enable students to replace books and laboratory equipment is sent to China by United China Relief.

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Part of the financial help sent from America to China is used to help war-orphaned children such as these that are being cared for in an orphanage near Chungking.

Time and again the Chinese soldier has proved that he has an abundance of courage and endurance. The problem is not of having enough men, but rather one of supply, equipment, and food. The picture shows Chinese troops marching through one of China's wrecked cities.



Panoramic view of the Burma Road coiling through
the rugged mountains of Yunnan province.

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Journey to Chungking

by Daniel Nelson



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JOURNEY TO CHUNGKING

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Foreword

A MONG the many problems that have developed in China as a result of the war in Europe has been the cutting off of home support for the missions and missionaries in the Orient. Missionaries from Norway, Finland, Denmark, and Germany found themselves in an extremely difficult situation as financial aid from the homeland ceased.

In an effort to remedy this situation, funds were collected from churches in the United States and Canada. King Haakon of Norway had funds sent from London for the orphaned missions of Norway. It was imperative that a representative be sent to administer funds, to study the needs on the field, and to act as the link between the home people and the missionaries in China.

Dr. Daniel Nelson was elected the official representative of the Lutheran World Convention in China with headquarters in Chungking. It was decided to make every effort to send him out as speedily as possible, for cables were constantly coming from Chungking asking for the kind of help that Dr. Nelson was authorized to give. Through the kind cooperation of our Government, he was given priorities that saved many months of travel. He received first air priority from Minneapolis to California. From there he traveled on a fast army transport via Australia to India, taking only thirty days. From India to Chungking, China, the U. S. Army gave him air priority which meant many more weeks of time saved.

The entire journey took very little more than two months, a record possible in wartime only through the type of assistance he was so fortunate as to receive.

The author acknowledges with gratitude the kind consideration given him by our Government and also the help given by army, navy, and air force personnel during the journey to Chungking.

Journey to Chungking confines itself to the trip and to certain observations made enroute. Comments are made on some of the conditions noted upon arrival in Chungking. However, Dr. Nelson does not purpose in these pages to describe or go into detail concerning the work awaiting him in China. The manuscript was sent to the United States shortly after he arrived in Chungking.

Dr. Nelson's work is mostly administrative and in the field of relief. He disburses funds to at least nine orphaned missions in China, Manchuria and Tibet. He administers the monies sent from North America, including those forwarded in behalf of the Norwegian Government. It is most encouraging to know that the funds sent to the orphaned missions by other Christians are helping to save lives, and to keep mission work going. The financial aid sent to the orphaned missions in China is indeed a tangible evidence that the Church heeds our Lord's commands: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," even in a time when the world is torn by war.

ESTHER IDSO NELSON

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C H A P T E R O N E

“This Is It”

BUZZ! Buzz! Buzz!

B Operator: Hello, hello! Is this Daniel Nelson? This is long-distance, Washington calling. Go ahead, Washington!

B. Hello, Nelson, This is Mr. B. of the State Department calling.

N. Hello, Mr. B. What's the news?

B. Well, I guess this is it. You are to leave Monday evening for ----- and from there you proceed to Camp -----.

N. How can I arrange air space on such short notice?

B. Oh, we will arrange that all right. I think I can get you air priority straight through.

N. How about all my baggage?

B. Well, you are allowed 175 pounds and I will see what I can do to arrange air priority for your baggage also.

N. I see. Of course, if you can make the arrangements, I stand ready to leave any time.

B. I will see to it that the transportation authorities book you straight through to _____. They will telephone you when all the arrangements are made. Right?

N. That's right. And what else do I need to do or know?

B. Nothing at all. You have the papers I sent you, don't you?

N. Why certainly!

B. Well, hang on to them and keep them always handy.

N. I surely will.

B. Guess that is all. We now turn you over to the War Department who will see you through.

N. Thank you for everything, Mr. B.

B. Oh, that's all right. That is what we are here for.

N. Goodbye then.

B. 'Bye, and lots of luck.

I hung up the receiver with a bang and slumped into a chair. Those were five of the most exciting minutes of my life.

"I guess there is no doubt about your going now," sighed my wife.

"No, I am afraid this is it. After all, it is what I have been waiting for."

The preceding weeks had been very tense. We had been expecting a telegram or long-distance call from Washington any moment with my travel orders. We tried to live one day at a time and do no planning which might interfere with my sudden departure. My wife and I had carefully considered my new assignment and only after a thoroughly realistic approach to the sacrifices involved did my wife unselfishly consent to this new separation. We had two children to take into consideration, so there were a number of angles to the problem.

Soon Marguerite, our 11-year-old daughter, came in from outside.

"What's going on, Dad?"

Mother answered, "Daddy is going to China."

"Oh, boy," exclaimed Rita in a loud whisper which nearly blew me off my chair.

After a bit Danny, age 7, came strutting into the room.

"Say, Dan," cried Rita, "what do you know—Daddy is really going to China. He just talked to Washington."

"No kidding? How soon are you leaving, Dad?"

"Oh, about 8:00 Monday evening, I think."

"Say, Mother, can we see him to the train?"

"Train? Why, he is leaving from the airport."

"Airport? Wow-ee! We can go, can't we, Mother, to see him off?"

"Oh, I guess so."

Buzz!! Buzz!! Buzz!! There goes the phone again.

"Hello."

"Hello. Is this Dr. Nelson?"

"Yes."

"This is Continental Airlines speaking. Upon orders from Washington, we are booking you through to _____. We have now cleared you to _____ and will notify you as soon as the priority is cleared the whole way through."

"I'll just wait for your phone call then?"

"That's right."

"Goodbye!"

"Bye!"

We were glad to see the speed with which the transportation people worked as soon as they were given the green light from Washington.

The next twenty-four hours were one mad rush. We could not do much on Sunday, but Monday our home was a bedlam. First, we had to go up-town to get my airplane ticket. Then we had to arrange to ship some personal effects by freight. The interesting part of this situation was that my baggage was shipped east, whereas

I was booked to leave in a westerly direction. My baggage and I intended to make a complete encirclement of the globe, hoping to meet on the other side somewhere. Incidentally, I am extremely interested in this experiment because if we meet the world must be round.

A visit to the bank took more time than I had anticipated; when we came home I was more than busy packing. The telephone rang all day long, and visitors came in a continual stream to bid me *bon voyage*. A Catholic lady wanted me to locate some priests in China from whom she had had no word for a long time. A high school boy who had seen a copy of my new English-Chinese dictionary wanted to know how he could learn Chinese. The maturity of his thinking and the global aspect of his conversation amazed me. A furloughed missionary wanted to know how she could get back to China. Numerous friends called up to bid me farewell. For a while I felt popular. I knew it would last only a few hours and then I would be forgotten, but I rather enjoyed it anyway. I was really busy—answering the phone, entertaining visitors, and packing.

Almost before we could realize it we were all in the car heading for the airport. The ticket agent at the airport was exasperated at all my excess baggage, but even she had to acquiesce to the air priority from Washington. However, like all women she got in the last word, "Well, we have never taken on that much excess for any one person since I came to the airport." Suddenly a news photographer appeared and insisted that my family and I be photographed. We passed the guards, and as we huddled near one of the airliners, the wind whistling past us, he flashed our picture. I hope it turned out okay as I really do have a good-looking family.

We had barely returned to the airport when the loud-speaker bluntly announced: "Flight 35 now ready. Flight 35 now ready. Last call for Flight 35."

I hastily said goodbye to friends, relatives, and family. My wife, as always, was brave as a Viking. My two children were as happy as if they were at a circus. I passed the crowd at the visitors' rail and hurried to the waiting ship. As I reached the top of the stairs leading into the plane, I turned to wave one last farewell. I was the last to enter the plane. The stewardess closed the door and checked my name on the passenger list. The plane was well filled but I found a good seat about half-way up the aisle. The stewardess took our hats and coats and fastened the seat belts securely.

The motors roared as we taxied down the runway, picking up speed until we lifted from the ground like a graceful swan.

Most of the passengers were enlisted men who were also leaving sweethearts and loved ones behind. Silence filled the cabin. For a time no one cared to disturb the sanctity of the moment with empty words. The emotions of that hour cannot be described—they can only be experienced. We were all thinking of someone we had left behind. And the plane droned on into the night.

Transcontinental Airways

FLYING at night is interesting. We flew over eleven states. The lighted cities sprawled out in the darkness intrigued me. The thousands of lights looked like a mass of colored pin heads. The street lights resembled long strings of pearls. The plane would make five- or ten-minute stops at all the airports en route. It landed and took off from all these air fields as lightly as if it were toe-dancing and enjoying it.

At about 1:30 a.m. we stopped at a large midwestern airport. The stewardess told us that we had thirty minutes between flights, so we all stepped off the plane to explore this big, modern airport. It was the most modern one on my trip. Restaurants and shops were operated for the convenience of all. Imagine my surprise when I stepped into the depot and was met by my brother and his wife! My sister had called them long-distance and informed them of my departure and route. This visit came as a welcome interlude to be long remembered.

None of us slept much on the plane that night, but

this was no fault of the service. We soon began to get acquainted and learned that the world is not such a big place after all—in fact, it is shrinking fast, due partly at least to the tremendous advance in air transportation. I met a chaplain who was the son of the president of a theological seminary in the city where I started my trip. The girl across from me was the secretary to a good friend of mine. A lieutenant in the rear was graduated from the same school as I and was the nephew of a close friend of mine. The spirit of comradeship grew. After sharing experiences for a few hours we all dozed off in spite of ourselves.

When we woke up we found ourselves at an airport, where four mechanics were crawling all over our plane trying to solve the engine trouble. The moon's rays were reflected romantically from the wing of the huge trans-continental liner. The mechanics seemed to find romance in their job, for it took them six hours to get the plane ship-shape again.

Early the next morning we crossed some beautiful snow-capped mountains. Five minutes later we landed on an airfield decked with palm trees, flowers and green lawns. Birds were chirping in the bushes. As we wandered around this entrancing airport the plane took on a new supply of gasoline, and soon we were on our way again.

At eight o'clock the stewardess served our breakfast on neat little service trays. I still don't know where the food came from, but it was delicious. At noon we were served a tasty dinner in like fashion. Between meals we could have coffee, tea, or milk, according to our individual tastes. Free stationery and stamps were available to all, so I wrote my family from an altitude of ten thousand feet.

The last part of our trip was the most interesting. We had to cross a high snow-capped mountain range. The

pilot lifted us higher and higher, until my eardrums felt as tight as a snake-skin fiddle. Then, for some unexplained reason, the stewardess came quietly and fastened our seat belts securely. She had hardly done this when the plane dropped what I estimated to be a mile, but I was told later it was a drop of only one hundred feet. We continued to hit these air pockets for fully twenty minutes. Every time we hit one, I braced myself for a terrific collision with a mountain which never materialized. The pilot handled the ship beautifully in spite of the elements, and soon I had perfect confidence in his ability and rather enjoyed the drops. After all, I had wanted to fly and now I was getting my wish.

Shortly after noon we sighted the outskirts of a huge city in the distance. We were told it was our destination. We circled like a bird over the field and made a perfect landing. On the ground there were more airplanes than I had ever seen before. There were miles and miles of them—row upon row—all camouflaged under a canopy of wire netting.

The propellers of our huge plane had barely stopped rotating when the ground crew hurriedly shoved the platform up to our plane and we all filed out into the bright sunlight. We were told to wait outside the airport for our baggage. Then we all crammed into the company's bus for a twenty-mile ride to the city. The scenery was beautiful and the weather balmy. The driver let us off at the Biltmore Hotel. My seven pieces of luggage almost discouraged me until two porters came to the rescue. Upon their advice I checked all my baggage at the hotel while I philosophized about my next move. No one in this large city seemed to care whether I had arrived or not.

As I meandered about the spacious hotel, I noticed a barber shop. Having left on such short notice, I had not had time to get a haircut. Fearing this might be my

last chance for an American haircut, I invaded the shop. The barbers wore Palm Beach suits. One man took my hat, another my coat, and a third, my briefcase. At this point I protested as I had all my valuable papers, documents and money in that briefcase. But they all assured me everything was safe at this reliable place. A gray-haired man, who looked as though he might have been the president of the New York City Bank, ushered me into his barber chair. I almost fell asleep while he gingerly trimmed my hair. In a few minutes I was a new man, they assured me. When the bill was presented to me I was frankly horrified. It was now clear to me that I was in the wrong place, and my one ambition was to find my way out.

Armed with a million-dollar haircut, I approached the information booth and asked where Camp A was. The information people did not know—the police did not know. I began to wonder if there was such a place. For consolation I called up a friend of mine in a nearby town. He advised me to take the bus to his place, and then he would guarantee to take me to Camp A.

I called a taxi and arrived at the bus depot in a few minutes. After a patient wait the bus arrived, but I smelled trouble when the driver saw my baggage. He gruffly blurted out:

"Hey, don't you know each passenger on this bus is limited to three pieces of baggage?"

Suddenly I had a brain wave. I tipped a porter to go and buy me another ticket. Armed as I was with two tickets, even the heartless bus driver had to let me and my seven pieces of baggage pass. What a relief to get on the bus and sit down! I felt as if I had won a battle comparable to that at Guadalcanal! Even at that, in my mind I reprimanded the State Department severely for letting me take along so much luggage.

My friend met me at F——. We had dinner together,

and I sent my wife a telegram announcing my safe arrival at this place.

After dinner my friend and his family drove me thirty-five miles to Camp A. Small signs hidden behind dark trees guided us along the trail. The detour was both dark and muddy but the car pulled us through. It was late at night when we arrived at the camp entrance. The guards came out to investigate. All the "big shots" had retired for the night so they telephoned the lieutenant on night duty, who came down to the guard house. After inspecting my baggage he decided to take me to the officers' quarters for the night. All my things were piled into a jeep. I said goodbye to my friends and bumped along in the jeep to Area "A" headquarters.

Since no arrangements had been made for any possible arrivals at this time of the night, the lieutenant graciously offered me the use of his room. An oil stove kept the barracks well heated. On the table in the room was a picture of the lieutenant's girl. Army equipment was strewn all over the place. I was desperately tired, and after reading a portion of the New Testament I rolled over and went to sleep.

Army Camp

I WOKE up fairly early the next morning. I was told that the washroom was next door so I thought I would go in and shave. When I entered the place I found it crowded with officers; I had to wait my turn like the rest. After cleaning up I went back to my room. Soon the lieutenant came and we took the jeep over to headquarters to report to Captain H——. By the way, all the jeep drivers at this place were women. They surely could handle the little jeeps. I was ushered into the captain's office and he asked to see my code number and travel orders from Washington. He then turned to a chart on the wall and assigned me to a certain barracks. The lieutenant took me over in the jeep and deposited me there. Said he, "This is where you will live until further notice. Over there you will find the restaurant and recreation center."

I walked into the barracks and two rows of beds met my gaze. There were two rows of double deckers, or forty-eight beds in all. A group of A.R.C. (American

Red Cross) men were the first to welcome me. They had been assigned duties overseas with the American Red Cross. Four of the boys had organized a quartette which agonized a good deal the day I arrived. Suddenly their leader, a baritone, received his travel orders and the foursome broke up. There was also a group of civilians in the same barracks, but they were clannish and kept to themselves. We were glad for the oil burner which helped to dispel the cool of the nights. We took turns sweeping the floor and trying to keep the place tidy.

The restaurant and recreation center was a popular place. The food was excellent and was served cafeteria style. The recreation room furnished the boys a variety of amusement. Ping-pong seemed very popular. Someone was always playing the piano, and there were various entertainments every evening. The library was marvelous. Thousands of books on every conceivable subject were available. The main metropolitan newspapers of the United States kept us abreast of the times. I certainly enjoyed that library and spent much of my time there.

A certain razor company operated a traveling truck where small recording disks with messages of some two hundred words could be made and sent home by the boys free of charge. I was interested in hearing what the boys would say to their loved ones, so I stepped up close one evening to listen. After the recording of the disk it is played for the benefit of the boys. Here is a typical message:

Hello, Mom! This is Dick. How are you all? I am just fine. Tell Mary not to worry about me—I am all right. Wish I could see you all. Well, there isn't much we can say as everything is censored. I guess we are going across soon. Don't worry, Mom—I'll be back. 'Bye now. Dick

Many of these boys would not be coming back. But they were brave boys, all of them.

As I was eating my breakfast the next morning, the loud speaker announced: "Daniel Nelson wanted at Operations Headquarters. Daniel Nelson wanted at Operations Headquarters." I hurried to Area A headquarters and commandeered a jeep. The driver drove me over in a few minutes. I was happy to meet Captain N—— and Major A——. We discussed my passport, travel orders from Washington, etc. Then I got a notion to ask for a permit to leave camp and, to my surprise, I was granted a 15-hour pass, which is the regular officer's pass. Most of the boys, once they get into camp, are not allowed out until they depart for a foreign port. I called my friend and told him I would be down the next day. I was fortunate the next morning in catching a ride with the camp car, and this saved me not only money but considerable time. The car dropped me off at A——, and from there I called my friend who drove over to get me. It was a delightful evening and the whole family saw me back to the gate.

Back in camp again I was scheduled for a week of "processing and indoctrination." We attended lectures, saw movies of combat, and had to take instructions in various phases of possible new experiences.

The gas mask drill was intensely worth while and interesting. A few days previously we had been issued gas masks with all the necessary equipment. Now the order came that we should take our equipment and report at a certain area. It was a long walk. We were regimented into groups of about two hundred each. A young lieutenant then lectured us on the use of the gas mask, how to put it on and how to adjust it so that it would be absolutely air-tight. After adjusting the apparatus on my head, I looked around and was amazed to see grotesque beings who resembled dwarfed elephants or fantastic sea mammals with enlarged feelers. After we had practiced putting the mask on several times we were ush-

ered into the gas chamber, a large wooden structure built especially for the purpose. We were regimented into this building with our gas masks securely fastened as the house was full of gas. There was a small gas-generating machine over in one corner of the room, so there was no question about the gas. The officer in charge then instructed us how to take off the mask and hold our breath, put the mask back on, blow out the excess gas inside the mask, then inhale again normally. If we did not follow the instructions correctly we would inhale gas fumes and our eyes would smart. I distinctly remembered that the officer told us to take our time. So when the time came for the experiment I was slowly proceeding as per instructions. Suddenly I heard scores of people blowing out the excess fumes from under their gas masks, and I knew I was behind. I thought for a moment that I would be a casualty, but I soon discovered that I had performed the experiment to perfection. I opened my eyes and mouth inside the mask and had perfect protection. The American gas mask is the best in any army and embodies the most recent research. As we left the building we were asked to take off our masks and look the officer at the exit door in the face. As we did this a small amount of tear gas entered our eyes and we all ran pell-mell into the open crying like a bunch of children. This was done to prove to us that our masks did give us full protection. We were told to face the wind which would aid in dispelling the tear gas from our eyes.

The drill to abandon ship was equally interesting. A large scaffolding was built to represent the hull of a ship. From the top were suspended rope ladders fifty feet long. At the proper signal we all had to scramble up the rope ladders to the top. It was real exercise. I felt sorry for a two hundred-pound Red Cross girl, but she finally made it with an officer at her side. My personal opinion is that if we ever had to abandon ship, both lean and fat would

do the exercise to perfection to save their lives. To come down the ladder was more difficult but we all made it. A real life-boat was on the ground to make the whole thing appear as realistic as possible.

Shortly after my arrival at the camp I had to show my travel orders from Washington. Now I was asked to show my immunization papers. In my particular case I had to show proof that I had taken typhoid, para-typhoid, malaria, cholera, and tetanus inoculations. All the others had their immunization records on official army blanks so I hastened to an army doctor to have mine similarly recorded. At the same time the doctor took my blood test and pronounced my blood grade "A." In a day or two they presented me with two "dog tags" to hang about my neck. This is required of all men traveling in or with the army. My tags read: "Daniel Nelson A P." The symbol "A" indicated my type of blood in case of a transfusion or blood plasma treatment. The symbol "P" stood for Protestant, and in case of death the chaplain would administer a Protestant funeral. Life began to take on a more serious aspect. I detested wearing the "dog tags" around my neck. I felt like an animal, and the jingle of the two brass plates sounded like the bell on a mountain goat. But then, there are over five million American boys wearing the same thing, so why should I complain.

One day in camp a guard stopped me and asked me what I was doing there. A civilian among ten thousand soldiers in uniform looked strange to him. I was evasive in my answer but offered to show my travel orders from the War Department. He immediately became extremely apologetic and treated me as if I were an F.B.I. agent.

The next day we were all issued helmets of plastic and helmets of steel. The plastic helmet fit inside the steel one. Together they weighed many pounds and felt like a battleship on my head. The steel helmet did not blend

with my civilian uniform so I was sent to an Army store to buy officers' equipment. As I was traveling on the same status as an officer I was similarly entitled to army clothes—so I was told. At the PX, as they call the Post Exchange, I was outfitted with everything from khaki trousers to a gold-braid cap. I purposely did not wear any officers' insignia. If I did, every private in camp would salute me or he would be court-martialed, and to make it still worse, I would have to return their salutes. It was simply too hot for that sort of thing. Furthermore, it would be deceiving the boys, and my profession does not countenance deceit. I pitied the others in my group who, because they also were on some important mission "essential to the war effort," were entitled to officers' insignia. They wore them and had to keep their right arm in salute all day long.

The person who labeled my baggage had used Dr. Daniel Nelson as my title. Most of the boys in camp who saw the labels took me for an M.D. and some came for medical treatment. I had to do a lot of explaining. One disappointed private said to me, "Well, what on earth are you in the army for?" I began to wonder myself.

On Sunday I decided to go to church. The camp chapel must have been at least one and one-half miles from my barracks. After the long hike I understood why there were so few in attendance. Noticing a WAC lieutenant walking ahead of me, I thought I would join her, but she walked so fast I couldn't catch up without over-exerting myself, and since I felt Sunday was not meant for a field day, I slackened my pace. I found the chapel to be of the usual simple army style construction. The chaplain seemed young but he was sincere and spoke words of wisdom. We all partook of communion and the sacrament made a deep impression on me. In times like these we do well to perpetuate the depths of Christianity, not letting our differences isolate us from our fellowmen

and God. The chaplain spoke on "Bridging the Gap," and the main burden of his sermon was that we ought so to live that we learn to bridge the gap between this life and eternity. I felt it was a very fitting message to boys who were soon to go overseas.

I was fortunate in securing a second fifteen-hour officers' pass. This time I got a ride with an officer who was going to the neighboring city on an important mission. I spent the whole day shopping around and paid thirty cents to examine a Jap Zero plane on public exhibit. The highlight of the whole day was that I was able to talk to my wife long-distance. I was glad that the children were both happy. That was the last time I heard her voice.

The next day they came and took our baggage. The whole camp was put on an alert. Guards were posted at every intersection. No one could leave the camp. No one could enter. All telephone service to the outside world was suspended. All mail deliveries stopped. We were told to stay by our barracks so that we could be called on a minute's notice. The suspense was both welcome and wearing. We just sat and waited for the final call.

Alert and Farewell

TOWARD dusk the next day a private from the Ordnance Office came to our barracks and told us all to report at the office. We all leaped to our feet and followed him. At the Ordnance Center Major L., who was in charge of the Casualty Group, which included special personnel, civilians, etc., broke the news that we were to leave the following morning. The smile of the major spread like smallpox. But we became sober again when he said that there would be three trains leaving camp the next day, the first at 4:00 o'clock in the morning. When he announced that our group would take the last train, at 2:30 the next afternoon, we were relieved. This meant that we could sleep later and take our time.

However, it was not even light the next day when we got up. Who could sleep? We were too excited to lie lazily in bed the last day we would spend in the United States for many, many months, and maybe years. The sunrise was gorgeous. The clouds were playing around the tops of the snow-clad mountains on the far horizon.

The morning air was crisp and life seemed saturated with meaning.

We hurried to breakfast and everyone ordered his favorite dishes. I drank about four paper cartons of milk, hoping it would last me for the contemplated journey.

After breakfast one of the men had the brilliant idea that we should clean up the barracks. We were all in such a good mood that we readily volunteered for this humanitarian project. The barracks were full of mud as it had been raining continually for days. It was quite a job to sweep out the mud but we succeeded. We even took all the rubbish out to the incinerator. We were so dirty after this ordeal that we hurried to the washroom for one last shower bath. Little did we know then that it was to be the last one for over a month.

After dinner we returned to our barracks to make ready for our final departure. With khaki equipment, gas mask, messerine and all, I felt like a jungle fighter.

Our group arrived in Area X so early that we were in time to see the second train pull out. After a long wait our own train arrived. It was a fifteen-coach affair, painted bright red. About two hundred men were stationed in front of each coach with full equipment. I was assigned to the civilian section of the last group. At a given signal we all marched single-file into the designated coach. The platform was crowded with officers who were running back and forth giving final orders and putting in a word of cheer here and there. In the coaches we sat three in a seat until we could get organized better. It was hot and uncomfortable sitting with all of our equipment on. After we got organized one part of the coach was designated for our equipment where it was piled neatly.

At four o'clock sharp the train began to creep along. Just as it started to pick up speed, the boys let out a war whoop that could be heard for miles around. If you have

attended a Big Ten football game you will know what I mean. At last we were on our way.

Again I was reminded of how small this world of ours really is. The first soldier with whom I talked was Lieutenant J——, the intercollegiate pole-vaulter of America. He had been on various teams touring Europe and Asia. On the same coach was a Captain C——, whose father was a missionary from Shantung province in China and whom I had met there. Captain G—— was born in the Philippines. His parents also were missionaries. Miss F——, on the same coach, was China-born, and I had met her in Peking in 1940 at the College of Chinese Studies. I had also met her mother and aunt.

After the train had made a sharp horseshoe turn it picked up speed and literally flew through the countryside. The orange groves on either side of the tracks intrigued us and we wished the train would stop a minute. Millions of oranges had dropped from the branches, but no one seemed to bother to pick them up. I was told that this was a winter crop of oranges and that they were not so good, nor did they bring so good a price as the spring or summer oranges. In spite of this type of reasoning any one of us would have been glad to pick up the unwanted oranges if we had been given a chance.

Fascinating as the orange groves were, the next forest was still more entrancing. This was not a forest of fruit, or a forest of big trees, but a forest of derricks. Literally thousands and thousands of derricks were silhouetted against the sinking sun. Slowly but surely their pump handles worked up and down, up and down, pumping oil for our vast reservoirs whence it would be shipped to all parts of our country and to foreign countries to supply our fighting men with gasoline for their ships, planes, and tanks. There seemed to be no bottom to those wells.

Just as darkness was covering the planet with a blanket

of mist, we neared the ocean's edge. I could see the big hull of a large ship barely visible, and wondered if that was to be our boat.

The train came to an abrupt stop at the wharf. In less than five minutes we were all out of the train and regimented on the pier. The passengers from each coach were lined up behind their commanding officers. We were crammed close together and the wait was a long one. By this time we were all getting hungry. Suddenly some girls dressed in blue and white caps came dashing into our midst. They carried baskets of sandwiches and hot coffee. This refreshment surely hit the right spot. One boy voiced the sentiments of us all when he shouted, "Am I for the Red Cross! Next time they ask me for a contribution I am going to give them ten bucks!"

As I looked over the thousands of boys with their steel helmets they resembled a huge garden of mushrooms, and I suppose I looked like one mushroom among many. A chaplain came sauntering along and when he saw I had no insignia he asked me if I was a photographer. I answered, "No." He then looked at my typewriter, which I had just set down, and asked if I was a writer. Again I said "No." When he realized that I would give him no information whatsoever he smiled and said, "Well, write it all up and tell me about it when you come back." We had been told to be extremely "incommunicado" so we kept our mouths closed when people pried us for information.

The steel gates which had kept us from seeing our ship finally swung open and there was our boat brilliantly lighted. It looked like a big sea monster in its coat of grey paint. We began to inch our way forward toward the gang-plank. Each man was checked. As we passed the officers of the American Transport Command, we gave our name and code number. The officer in charge quickly fingered his file index and when he found my

name and number he nodded. Slowly I followed the soldier in front of me up the gang-plank. For a minute I was hovering between land and sea. I wondered what the boys were thinking. None of them said a word. They just followed orders as I did and walked bravely into the belly of the ship.

I stopped to ask an officer where my stateroom was. He directed me to A Deck, which was wrong, and consequently I was forced to go against the stream of men back to C Deck. Since I had been assigned Stateroom 241 and was listed as a First Class passenger, I had visions of a streamlined cabin with bed, dresser, chair, table, and private bath. Imagine my surprise when I reached Room 241 to discover that there were no beds, no tables, no chairs. Instead, nine cots were crammed into that tiny room in tiers of three. Since I had been chasing all over A Deck, I came to Room 241 to discover that I had no choice but to take the last of the top cots. With about two square feet of space rationed to each of the nine passengers, we had a hard time finding space for ourselves, to say nothing of our luggage. Some of us had to leave the room while the others wrangled about space.

It was rumored that we were to leave that night. I hastened to the boat deck as I wanted to see the ship pull anchor. The lights of a big city loomed in the distance. The gang-planks were taken down and we thought we were leaving, but nothing happened. I waited for a few hours but then was overcome by sleep. I went down to the cabin to find it empty and had quite a time getting used to the cramped quarters. I took a bath and climbed into my bunk and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Life Aboard an Army Transport

SHIP crew, passengers, and military personnel continued to clutter up the ship from the top deck, which is boat deck, to the bottom or "G" Deck. Hundreds, yes, thousands of men pushed and shoved each other around. Since the ship's elevators were reserved for the crew, the rest of us had to climb stairs. The boat deck, where the lifeboats were located, was ordinarily prohibited space, but in this case the area was reserved for the use of officers and the few civilians on board. From this roof of the ship we hung our heads over the rails to get a glimpse of what was happening below. The ship's derricks were now silent as the freight had evidently been loaded. Bright searchlights from both the wharf and the ship lit up the sides of the ship magnificently. Military police were stationed at every corner of the ship, so not even our most casual movements went unobserved.

Most of the boys had never been on a ship before, not to mention the sea. They did not seem to realize that they had left their mother country and were now mere

code numbers in a vast military machine and were regimented into a fighting unit. In fact, most of them were seen sleeping shortly after they boarded the ship. They had carried their heavy packs and guns for a full six or eight hours and they were tired. All available space was divided into tiers of four bunks. I had never before seen such a mass of sleeping humanity. As night enveloped the ship, these American boys slumbered on.

I expected that we would be far out at sea by morning, but, to my surprise, we were still tied to the dock. About eight o'clock it was rumored that we were to leave. A husky whistle from the ship's funnel announced the intention of the Captain. We scrambled up "top side" as fast as our legs would carry us. The cables which tied us to shore were loosened. Two tiny tugboats came up to our big ship and started tugging away. After much effort our ship began to inch forward. It was so large that as it turned, it almost filled the channel from side to side. When it was straightened out so that it turned seaward it began to move under its own power. The sights we passed along the shore line were impressive. Huge buildings, factories, warehouses, hotels, and ships of all kinds clogged the harbor and added variety to the cosmopolitan river front. Our ship picked up speed and soon we were cutting the waves at a clip of 25 miles per hour. The buildings and shore line became smaller and smaller until finally the land disappeared beyond the horizon and we realized we had left our good country behind. We could see only water. A strange feeling filled our hearts. We had left our homes for a strange country—no one knew what we had in store.

Our air escort helped to dispel the gloom. Squadrons of droning airplanes filled the sky. They continued to maneuver over us until nightfall. Sometimes they would fly so high that they looked like a flock of geese. At other times they roared so close that I was afraid they might

scrape the paint off the funnels of the ship. The blimps which followed us fascinated me more than the planes as I had not seen so many of them. They cruised around us in front and behind. These mammoth balloons floated through the air, propelled by twin propellers in the rear of the ship. I was surprised at their speed. The crew was suspended from the blimps in a sort of cabin which was glassed-in so that you could see the people clearly. These elephant-like balloons followed us until nightfall.

On the morning of the second day at sea there were no planes and no blimp escort. We were now conscious that we were alone. Soon we began to take an interest in one another. The sun was shining brightly and hundreds of the boys were sprawled on the deck taking sun baths. There were no chairs or furniture of any kind. Each member was forced to carry his life belt with him at all times—even to meals. If one forgot his belt the military police would stop him and send him back for it. Since these life belts were soft in construction, most of us used them for cushions to sit on. They were not too comfortable and most of them acquired a squashed appearance from usage.

The first day out at sea, I found that there was a ship's library of a few hundred books. I was determined to take advantage of this service. So the next day I stalked up to "A" deck to get some books. Imagine my chagrin to find every one taken! The shelves remained empty for the remainder of the trip. When one finished a book he passed it on to someone else. In this way I was able to get hold of one book a week, although it was not always my type of reading. This will give an idea of the demand for reading material among the soldiers on transports.

Chess, checkers, and cards seemed to be the most popular forms of entertainment. Personally, I liked chess the best and I met several officers who were both skillful players and excellent gentlemen.

Each night we had to set our clocks back from thirty to sixty minutes. This made the nights extra long. Some of us got too much sleep, and after a week or two at sea we were really "slept out."

The weather for the most part was beautiful and sunny. The nights were clear and the sky was studded with more stars than I had ever seen before. Officers were using their binoculars and studying books on astronomy. I could not enter into their discussions as I have never spent much time star-gazing. It did interest me to see the north star lower in the sky every night until one night it disappeared on the horizon. The same was true of the Dipper. In this part of the world the constellations are entirely different from those in the North Pacific and sea captains must know the location of the stars all over the globe, if they are to guide ships accurately.

Because of the thousands of people who had to eat every day, we were allowed only two meals. Even at that the dining rooms were occupied the whole day long. Ten hours elapsed between breakfast and supper so we became ravenous by nightfall. The meals were excellent and comparable to the very best food in the States. We had meat every day, and turkey or chicken on Sunday with ice cream for dessert. There was also a store on board where one could purchase candy, which helped to bridge the long wait between meals. The officers ate in the diner—the enlisted men had to stand in long lines with their tin plates and cups awaiting their turn. After meals the boys had to wash their own tin plates and cups in a specially prepared tub and faucet arrangement. The halls were one continuous line of soldiers and officers from morning until night. People were either going to meals or coming from meals all day long. The shuffling of feet, the clinking of tin plates, and the muffled voices were part and parcel of the daily routine. Because of the vast amount of water consumed each day, some one

hundred tons, it was necessary to ration water. M. P.'s stood at each faucet to control the water supply. No water was wasted. We usually tried to get along with half a cup of water for shaving and washing in the morning. There was plenty of salt water, but it was practically impossible to shave with it as no soap would lather in it. In spite of the soft water scarcity, we managed to shave daily and thought we looked clean.

The musical entertainment on board ship was scarce and of a doubtful caliber. There was a ship's orchestra which practiced once a day, but not once did I hear anything but jazz. The boys stamped with their feet to keep time. The leader swayed to the rhythm of the screeching saxophone. The drummer wagged his head from side to side. I was reminded of some grotesque African jungle war-dance. The loud-speaker system usually entertained us with some variety of modern swing. The only time I heard Bach was on Sunday when an Adventist private played the small hand organ. Occasionally a colonel or a major would find his way to the much-used piano, and then we might hear music that would satisfy the longing for the classical. The ship supplied a number of instruments to the boys. One day I saw two boys in the stern of the ship playing guitar duets and singing. They soon had an appreciative audience. One Southerner made us all laugh when he cupped his hands and produced a noise exactly like the whistle of a "streamliner." His was at least original music.

The religious life on board ship was well organized. There were two ship's chaplains and two chaplains en route. Catholic and Protestant services were held daily in the lounge from 12:00 to 1:00. One of the ship's chaplains, I discovered, had formerly been stationed with a good friend of mine at the H. Roads Embarkation Camp. The following services were held: Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist, Seventh Day Adventist, Christian Science,

and Jewish. When the chaplain found out that I was a Lutheran minister, he kindly suggested we have a Lutheran communion service. On Sunday morning there were two Catholic and two Protestant services, and at each service the decks were crowded with hundreds of men. The loud-speaker system was used so that all could hear even if they were not on the same deck. Many of the men seemed to be devout Christians, and I often saw them sitting on deck reading their Bibles. One evening I attended a Jewish service. One of the boys in my cabin was a Jew who had just lost his mother. He had promised her on her deathbed that he would go to church. We went together and this was the first time he had been to church for eight years. I went to this service out of curiosity. He went to keep his pledge to his dying mother. There was no Rabbi on board ship so two Jewish men led the services. One chanted and the other read. The chanting was beautiful but it was all in Hebrew. Much of the response was in English, and there was one section of the book in a transliterated form of the Hebrew. I noticed most of the subject material was from the Psalms. The same altar was used for all three services—Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish. The lighted candles remained for all the services. The Catholics would bring out their special crucifixes, rosaries, etc. The Jews had the Parchment or Canons of the Old Testament in place of the Cross used by the Protestants or the Crucifix of the Catholics. Some of the Jewish boys wore silk shawls over their heads or shoulders. I was told that these were prayer shawls. The ship's chaplain was a gifted speaker and a consecrated minister of the Gospel. I enjoyed his talks which were very helpful to all.

In spite of the size of this floating city, conditions were so crowded that rumors spread like wildfire. One insisted that there was an epidemic among the officers, many of

whom had died and been buried at sea at night so that the soldiers would not find out about it. My opinion was that this rumor was mostly wishful thinking, as the enlisted men coveted the quarters of the officers, their food, etc. Another rumor said that there was an epidemic of measles and that no one would be allowed to get off the ship at the first port of call. Every day brought a new crop of rumors as to what our destination would be.

The routine of the day was broken by incidents which seem trivial in themselves but which meant a great deal to people restricted as we were. One morning someone shouted, "I see land. I see land." The news spread throughout the ship and soon the whole population was on one side of the deck so that the ship listed practically ten degrees. Sure enough, on the far horizon we saw land. Speculations and bets were numerous. We saw the land for some four or five hours, but to this day do not know what it was. It may have been an important group of islands, or it may have been just an isolated island. As soon as we had left the land behind, speculation died down and we all settled back to the monotony of the trip. Sometimes a whale would come up to spout water into the air. The more the boys laughed the more the whale seemed to enjoy it. An occasional shark came up to look at the ship, and quite often we saw a whole school of porpoises cutting the waves. These were fast swimmers and looked like seals. A variety of birds followed the ship at different intervals. The white sea gulls were the most common. When we dipped south of the equator a number of huge albatrosses followed us for a few days. They look something like sea gulls, but have a wing spread of some seven to nine feet. They were the most graceful birds I have ever seen, and made marvelous use of the air currents, flying both with and against the wind. How they were able to fly against the

wind without using their wings was a mystery to most of us.

Two days we had gun practice. The first day the anti-aircraft guns were turned on balloons which were catapulted into the air a few hundred yards. It was only a few seconds before the balloons were shot down and we all gained a great respect for the accuracy of the navy gunner. Another day a barrel was thrown off the stern of the ship and when it was about a mile away the cannons opened fire and blew the barrel to smithereens on the second shot.

Sickness on ship was held at a minimum but there were three appendectomies. There were doctors on board so we were prepared for any emergency. Red Cross nurses en route to foreign service were also on hand to render help to those who needed medical aid. There were so few girls on the ship that they were popular beyond deserving.

One day I was talking to a major on the boat deck and when he found out I was from China, he asked me if I would teach Chinese. I readily consented, and the first day there were about ten officers who attended the class. The second day the class grew to about twenty-five. The transport commander then gave us the use of his office and mimeograph machine so that we could print the lessons for each period. The third day the class grew to some fifty officers. It was then agreed among the ship's officers, the chaplain, and the transport commander that the classes be open to all the officers. The next day it was announced over the loud-speaker that there would be an open class in the lounge. As a result so many came that all could not get in. We decided to divide the class into two sections and each class met every other day. Most of the students were majors, captains, and lieutenants, with a sprinkling of half a dozen colonels and

lieutenant colonels. The class kept me busy as I had no textbooks with me but based each lesson on the suggestions and vocabulary lists which the men submitted. I enjoyed the class tremendously and hope that the men learned something during the three-week course.

We had only two days of rough weather. Some thought we were near land and that these billows were ground swells. One of the men had suspended a pendulum in his room and insisted that at one time when the boat listed the most, the pendulum swung seventeen degrees. Many boys and officers were sick. Even the piano in the lounge could not stand still but started dancing a jig across the room. One of the men in our cabin felt so miserable he wanted to die. Seasickness is most demoralizing. You feel like dying but you know you are not sick enough to make the grade. My own analysis of seasickness is as follows: fifty per cent imagination, twenty per cent self-pity, ten per cent poor health, and twenty per cent the roll of the ship.

The official close of each day was preceded by three dashes or dots from the loud-speaker, when a voice would announce blackout in the following manner:

Attention ship's crew, passengers, and military personnel. Fasten securely all portholes. No smoking or lights on deck. Watches will be retarded thirty minutes at 1:00 tomorrow morning. It is now blackout. That is all!

This Is Australia

LIVING so close together we soon became rather intimate and began giving each other nicknames. They called me "Doc." Early one morning as I was going down for breakfast, edging my way through the narrow hallways, now as always crowded with lines of soldiers going in both directions, a voice called out, "Hi, Doc! We are nearing land. They say it's Australia and that we are putting in to port."

Those words were the most welcome we had heard since we left the States. By the time I reached boat deck there were already hundreds of men leaning over the rails. In the distance, about eight miles away, we could clearly see land. A number of lighthouses, white in the glistening sun, were silhouetted against the dark hills in the background. The coast line seemed jagged and rocky, and on top of the distant hills we saw what looked like a few bristles. Upon closer scrutiny with the binoculars, we could see that they were the large eucalyptus trees for which Australia is famous. A few American airplanes

manned by Australians came out to sea to escort us into the harbor. As we neared the port we could see the red roofs of the city. Streetcars and buses were darting back and forth. A swimming beach to the left brought memories of sea bathing. Our ship came to a slow stop as we waited for the pilot to board her and guide us into the harbor. As we neared the docks a pair of twin steam launches came out to tug us alongside the wharf.

An Australian brass band welcomed us with both American and European music. The only other time I can remember a band welcoming us to harbor was at Honolulu in 1934 when an Englishman asked me, "Do all American harbors have a band to welcome you?" I was sorry to inform him to the contrary. But now Australia was blasting forth a welcome which we soon found to be genuine.

As the mammoth ship docked, the boys let out a war whoop which echoed throughout the city. Cigarettes were thrown down on the wharf to the Aussies who scrambled to pick them up. American cigarettes cannot be purchased in Australia. It amused me to see grown men and soldiers push each other around for a mere smoke, but the climax of my amazement came when an Australian woman Red Cross worker joined in the fray. If I remember correctly, she came out on top with a much-mangled cigarette which she immediately proceeded to smoke with great glee.

Night soon enclosed our ship in darkness but the crew continued to unload the cargo. The city water supply was soon connected to our ship and, believe it or not, everybody on board took a bath or shower in good fresh water again. It was delicious to shave with plenty of water. Some of us took time to do our laundry in the bath tub. There were no laundry facilities on board ship as it would be impossible to service so many men. The

crew naturally had these privileges as the ship was their home. It only served as our temporary abode.

In the evening hours we strolled about the decks and everyone seemed cheerful. Those who had been seasick were suddenly their old selves again. We were so glad to come to port and see land that we were like a group of school children who had just opened their Christmas gifts and could not keep their mouths closed for sheer joy. We wanted to get off the ship and feel the good earth beneath our feet again, but the port authorities were wise in not releasing us until the next day.

Now we could say, with no sense of merit, that we had successfully crossed the earth's widest, deepest, and mightiest ocean. The Pacific ocean is twenty-three times the size of the United States. Throughout its vast domain are most of the world's islands, from the tiniest coral speck to those of almost continental mass.

Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese in the employ of Spain, was the first European to enter the waters of the Pacific, which he named Mar Pacificio. He sailed down the east coast of South America into the new sea and successfully crossed the Pacific and discovered the Philippines, where he met his death. One of his ships, the Victoria, under Sebastian del Cano, continued home to Seville and was the first ship in history to sail around the globe. Thus Magellan's expedition was the first to prove that the earth is round and it made the greatest sea voyage in the history of man. Since his day the Pacific, like a giant magnet, has drawn an extraordinary number of explorers. Seven nationalities — Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, English, Russian, French, and American—have made important discoveries of their own. A common lot of these Pacific explorers was disappointment, failure, and death, even though their discoveries later made them immortal. For centuries man had been discovering new islands among the tens of thousands in this vast sea,

and still the end is not in sight. Despite these myriads of islands, a ship may sail for days and weeks without seeing a single sign of land, as Captain Cook once did for one hundred seventeen days. No one who has not crossed the Pacific can have any idea of its vastness. After a crossing one is constrained to be cautious when criticizing the United States government for not hastening the Pacific war. The distance which we must traverse in order to supply our troops is fantastic. It would be almost impossible for any nation but ours. We seem to delight in the impossible.

Australia was not discovered by Captain Cook, as the English would have us believe, but by Dutch sea captains who were seeking the shortest route to Java after rounding the Cape of Good Hope. Having no exact nautical instruments, they overran their course and sighted the west coast of Australia. A Dutch sea captain by the name of Abel Tasman discovered New Zealand and, later, Tasmania, an island to the southeast of Australia which has become famous for its apples. He also discovered the Fiji and Tonga groups and was the first to sail around Australia (1642-44), thus proving it was not a part of any other continent.

For many years Australia bore the name New Holland, but the Dutch did not follow up their voyages and eventually lost possession of the places which they had discovered.

It would be an injustice not to mention Captain James Cook in connection with Australia, for he was truly one of her martyrs and greatest sons. Captain Cook was an Englishman who charted much of the west coast of North America and made expeditions up into Alaska and the Aleutians. He discovered New Caledonia. Cook did not discover Australia, as we have already mentioned, but for all practical purposes he annexed it to the British Empire just at the time that half of North America was

lost to the Colonists. His studies at Botany bay near Sydney led to English settlement eighteen years later. He explored many points along the eastern coast of Australia. Captain Cook was the first to locate the Hawaiian group. After a long trip up to the Bering Strait, where he was frustrated by ice barriers, he came back to Hawaii, where he met death at the hands of the natives.

The British empire did not realize the significance of Captain Cook's annexation, and the British people were entirely indifferent to the discovery of East Australia. Their attitude was "one set of savages is like another."

The only reason the British ever decided to send an expedition to colonize Australia was that since North America was no longer available, some answer had to be found to the question, "What to do with our convicts?" Australia was the answer. Thousands of convicts and prisoners were chained together and sent to the continent down under. They were unwanted. These castaways and sinners were to become the founders of a new nation. There can be no slaves in a free country. The early history of Australia is one of tragedy and heroism. These penal colony prisoners became gold diggers, farmers, and the greatest sheep raisers the world has ever known. In 1936 there were 110,000,000 sheep in Australia, and the year's clip was worth \$300,000,000. The history of early Australia reads very much like that of the early settlement of the midwestern states. There were "Giants in the Earth" in Australia in the days of yesterday, and with their bare hands they built homes, industries, and a land of their own.

Australia covers an area of three million square miles. It is approximately the size of the United States. The country is divided into six territories—North, South, and West Australia, Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria. The population of Australia is less than that of London or New York City, or about five million people.

One of her problems is that there are too few people to defend the vast continent. With Singapore and Java in the hands of the Japanese, the advance toward Australia seemed a mere matter of time. No wonder that Mr. Curtin invoked the aid of the United States! It was no accident that the Japanese invasion force was turned back in the victorious Coral Sea battle. It is common knowledge to all Australians that the United States saved her country from invasion. The men on the street as well as the soldiers admit this fact.

There is no racial problem in Australia because Australians have consistently denied immigration to colored races. The Australians boast of this national policy, but this same isolation may yet bring about her downfall, as the growth of her population is still too small to supply enough men for national defense. This continued discrimination can have only one reaction in crowded oriental countries. Japan, with a population ten times that of Australia, has less than one-tenth as much land.

In 1802 the British hastened to annex Tasmania before the French could consolidate. It is reported that the French reaction to the British seizure of Tasmania was, "The English are worse than the Pope, for whereas he grasped half the world, the English took the whole of it." I fear very much that there are some people who still feel that there is no defensible, ethical reason why the tiny British Isles should control half of the earth's surface. Until the problem of empire is solved, it will continue to breed war. The present policy of Britain and the Australians is doing little or nothing to help solve the basic population problems of the Pacific Basin. The strategic position of Australia, straddling, as it were, the Pacific Ocean, and the interests of the United States on one hand, and the British interests on the other, will bear careful watching in the future. The solution of Austra-

lia's problems will have a large bearing on the possibility of a lasting peace.

Australia is a continent of fabulous wealth, vast and unexplored territories, and tremendous possibilities for future development. Australia is a land of contrasts. The Stone Age meets the Twentieth Century with no surprise. The land of kangaroos, lizards, and native tribes has become one of the progressive countries in the world. There are unexplored kingdoms more than twice the size of France which have never seen a white man. It has populous cities which throb with life and swing to the tyranny of the ticking clock.

To the northeast is the Great Barrier reef, twelve hundred miles long, a living wall of polyp growth, its towers and bastions the mightiest citadel of marine life and industry in the world. This labyrinth of islands, golden sand, and green jungles is a naturalist's paradise.

Four hundred miles to the south is Brisbane, capital of Queensland and youngest capital of the commonwealth, with its one hundred thousand homes. Another four hundred miles to the south lies the Coal Coast with buried forests forty miles wide, extending along the coast for two hundred miles and out into the sea itself. Here for a century armies of underground men have tunneled the biggest coal mines in the southern hemisphere. Sydney is a city of one and one-half million people—the darling city of Australia, with its marvelous beaches. The big trees of Australia are the mountain ash, second only to California's redwoods, two hundred feet without a branch and four hundred feet to the crest. Stately Melbourne is a wealthy city with Florentine spires and domes. As the opal globes of its electric street lamps burst into sudden life it becomes a "City of a Million Moons."

The Great Dividing Mountain range divides Eastern Australia from the rest of the country. Northern, South-

ern and Western Australia each have a million square miles of territory to play with. Much of southern Australia is sheep country. Northern Australia is largely undeveloped or unexplored. Western Australia is known for its gold mines of inexhaustible wealth, timber, dairy farms, sheep, cattle, and pearls.

It was this Australia that we Yanks were allowed to take over for a period of thirty-six hours. Little locomotives chugging along with a caravan of miniature railroad trains on a narrow gauge came right up to the docks to take us to town. There were so many of us that several trains were needed. Some of the men had to wait half a day for a train.

These Australian trains are different from ours. They are extremely small and the coaches have no center aisle. The coach is divided into small compartments with two benches facing each other and a door leading to the platform. There are no washrooms. We sat on one train for hours waiting for it to start. Another civilian and I decided to try a bus. So we left the train and took a bus which got us to town in thirty minutes. Incidentally, the train took three hours and broke down several times en route. An Englishman in our party said that we Americans were keen on speed but that the British didn't "give a farthing for speed." We agreed.

We found the Australians extremely hospitable and much like the Midwesterners in the United States. Both men and women were well-built and had magnificent physiques. There was no snobbishness among them, and often their first question was, "What part of the States are you from?" The shop windows were barricaded from the streets with stone walls as a precaution against air raids. Many of those who worked in stores and banks, on streetcars and buses, were women and girls who seemed both efficient and polite.

The food in the city where we stopped was terrible. The milk shakes tasted like Japanese ice cream, which always has a sickening sweetness. The candy, when available, was not up to the "Five and Dime" variety in the States. Mutton seemed to be the standard meat. We ate dinner at a Chinese restaurant. The meal was patterned after chop suey in the States, but it did not begin to compare in taste. It cost us about \$1.20 United States money with no beverage or dessert.

Australian cities are clean and well-kept. The buildings are of the old type—massive, with porches, and no screens.

One day I tried to buy a pair of shorts and had fully decided upon two pairs when the clerk asked me for my ration points. I had to inform him that I had none. He sent me to a bank, and from there I was directed to the Ration Headquarters. My errand ended in total failure, and I was unable to purchase any clothes "down under." Some of their woolen pieces looked very smart but I had to be content with a few curios, of which there was a famine as the American boys had bought out all of Australia six months before we arrived.

The parks and universities were marvelous. My friend and I took a steamer across a lazy river to the zoological gardens. Two groups at the zoo interested me the most—the parrots and the kangaroos. The parrots were of every size and variety of color. I had never seen such large ones or such small ones, nor such arrays of fantastic colors. I was told that the collection was the largest of its kind in the world. We Americans are fond of saying we have "the largest in the world," but I was inclined to believe the Australians this time. Those myriads of parrots will remain in my memory a long time. One of the officers bought a parrot on the street and took it on board the ship. I hope he got to keep it, but I have my doubts.

I had seen kangaroos before, but I did not know there

were so many varieties of them. The marsupial mole is a kangaroo in miniature with a yellow silken fur, no ears, a tiny pouch that opens backward, a horny snout, and webbed hind feet. This curio of creation is only four inches long. It lives by sense of smell as it is blind. It eats ants for a steady diet and burrows rapidly when danger approaches.

A pair of large kangaroos quickly made friends with me as I was eating from a bag of cookies. They both hopped up to the fence and sat on their tails watching me eat. I noticed the doe was carrying her baby in her pouch and one tiny leg was protruding. My curiosity got the best of me so I started to feed the doe cookies, hoping to awaken the baby kangaroo. The buck became jealous and started shoving his mate around. I solved this family quarrel by letting my friend feed the buck at a distance while I fed the doe. She put forth her paw through the wire netting and ate cookie after cookie. Suddenly the baby woke and decided to take a look. Out came her tiny head from inside the pouch. Then she put both her tiny front feet on the ground but was still too timid to leave the pouch. The buck had finished his cookies so he came hopping over to us. As there were no cookies left I teased him by offering him the paper bag and was amazed when he swallowed the whole thing in one gulp.

The zoo closed at 5:30 so we took a bus back to town through the residential section. The lanes were lined with gum and eucalyptus trees. Orange tile roofs, neat lawns, and the flaming flowering gum trees lent color and enchantment. In the main, much of the vegetation here was artificial, and the barren districts reminded one of southern California where the sunshine is abundant but the vegetation scarce.

The buses were crowded but we stood the whole way rather than risk the ride on the toy trains. Our monster

ship was waiting for us at the wharf, and we were so tired we sat down on the deck to rest our feet.

Early the next morning our boat turned around in the dock and headed for the sea, and we all hoped it would be the last leg of our sea journey.

It was interesting to see Australia. I had formerly thought of it as a barren and desert land, and about the only thing I knew of Australian origin was the kangaroo. Now I had learned that she was a great continent with a great and friendly people. As we slowly pulled out of the harbor the local band again played for us, and their music invited us to return.

We liked Australia and the Australians!

First Impressions of Bombay

IT was Easter morning. Our ship slipped quietly into Bombay harbor. As we crept slowly through the harbor installations, and as we saw the huge mountains in the distance and the magnificent dock facilities and factory towers, I began to understand why Britain wanted to continue to hold on to India. Our ship stopped to take the pilot on and then we pressed onward, passing picturesque junks, sailboats, and canoes. The paddlers lazily dipped their oars into the water. Some of the Indians shouted English phrases at the boys on board ship who exchanged remarks with them. It was some time before the authorities arrived and plans were put in order to unload cargo and passengers.

The loud-speakers were continually blasting orders to various code numbers who were to "proceed to the gang-plank with full equipment." Some of us civilians were envious as thousands of soldiers marched off the ship and we were detained for some unexplained reason. I became tired of waiting so decided to try to get down on

the wharf and see if my baggage had been delivered as announced. I showed my passport to the guards and they let me pass. I was delighted to find all my baggage neatly piled right by the warehouse door. I warned the guard that a thief could easily run away with a small piece of baggage when he was not looking that way. This seemed to impress the United States soldiers, who promised they would be vigilant while on night duty.

On my way back to the ship I thought I would say "hello" to a few Indians. I came up to a tall Hindu with a large turban twisted around his head who was resting his weary body on a piece of cargo. I smiled and said "hello," but he merely stared at me. When I tried to be polite to another Indian, I was again given the cold shoulder. But I was willing to give my experiment the proverbial third try, so I came up to a third Indian and in my politest fashion greeted him. I am afraid my first impression of the Indian was not too good. Later on I learned that there was a reason for this behavior on the part of the Hindus. As a foreigner in India you have no caste standing, and should even your shadow fall on an Indian, it is a disgrace in many cases. One caste will not speak to another caste nor eat with them. This interpretation partially explained the cold reception I received from the Hindus. Perhaps we can dwell more on this subject later.

Hundreds of Indians were unloading the ship's cargo. Some wheeled the boxes on small push-carts. Others carried the cargo on their heads. That is one reason for the erect posture of the Indians. I marveled at girls who carried large water jugs on their heads with a variety of other small jugs fastened to the large one. When carrying articles in this way* they usually wear a kind of cushion on their heads as a shock absorber. One day I saw six men carry a dining-room table on their heads. I

do not think that it was an accident that they were all about the same height.

One is impressed by the fact that the Indians have Aryan features and not the customary Mongolian traits characteristic of most Asiatics. Their faces are long and narrow, and their eyes deep-set like our own. Their skin is dark and in some cases almost black.

Another thing that impresses a newcomer is that the cattle of India are permitted to wander about aimlessly all over the country as well as in the uptown business districts. The cow, being a sacred animal in India, is allowed complete freedom. Often one will hold up traffic. Carriages and automobiles must detour in order not to disturb a resting cow. No Hindu would think of killing it. Consequently many of them live to a skinny old age and present a sad-looking contrast to the Holsteins of our homeland. The penalty for killing a cow in India may be up to seven years of imprisonment.

One day I was riding in a jeep to the airfield and a cow was lying serenely in the middle of the highway. The driver drove right up to her, stopping short about two inches from her, but the cow kept on chewing her cud and did not bat an eyelash. Cried the soldier, "What did I tell you? These cattle know that they are sacred and that nothing can hurt them." The soldier was right. We had to back up and detour around the cow. She wasn't going to let anything as frivolous as an American jeep upset her social standing in India or disrupt the Hindu philosophy of "Thou shalt not kill any living thing."

Besides the cow, the peacock and monkey are also considered sacred in India. One day as I was coming back from the zoo I noticed a man bowing down to some idol in a temple nearby. I quietly edged my way up to the worshipper. He folded his hands, took off his shoes, and stepping upon a mosaic platform inside the temple, bowed three times. After he had gone, I asked

my American friend what he was worshipping. We walked closer to the tiny temple, and there in full view was the large image of a monkey. Behind the monkey were two priests chattering to themselves. According to Hindu mythology, a disciple of the god Rama organized a corps of monkeys who helped overthrow the demon king Ravana. There are so many monkeys in some parts of India that they are a nuisance.

As you walk along the streets of India you continually see red splashes on the streets and sidewalks. To a newcomer these splashes look like blood. After a while you notice that most of the Indians are spitting, and they spit forth this ugly fluid called "pan." Pan is made from the leaf of the betel-nut which is first smeared with lime. Various ingredients, such as betel nut, catechu, cardamom, and cloves, are placed in the betel leaf, which is then folded up in various shapes and chewed. A familiar sight is an Indian squatting in his tiny hole-in-the-wall shop smearing betel leaves with pan which he sells rapidly. Often one sees a queue of customers waiting. Many Britishers compare pan-chewing to the American custom of chewing gum, which is an unfair comparison as the American article is harmless and colorless, although one must admit that the habit has not contributed greatly to the advance of mankind.

A notable feature of Indian cities is the number of children who swarm the streets and byways. Many women mendicants carry babies, some of whom are hawked out for the purpose. Indians find children irresistible, a fact which professional beggars have exploited. In India you find more beggars and disfigured and mangled children than anywhere else in the world. Professional beggars take the children while they are still babies and deform them into various hideous shapes. These babies then grow up into deformed children and dwarfs who

crowd the streets and, by their pitiable condition, wring money out of passers-by to fill the coffers of the professional beggars. This is an evil which the authorities are trying to eradicate, but with seemingly slow success. It is very hard to pass by one of these deformed youngsters with his leg curled around his head without feeling compelled to help. But to help only encourages the trade.

The headgear and dress of the Indian is most striking. The ordinary dress for both Hindu and Muslim is the "salvar," a kind of loosely-gathered pajama, which is worn with a flowing skirt. On ceremonial occasions both Muslim and Hindu wear long coats called "sherwani." The usual garb of the Hindus throughout India is the "dhoti," which consists of a piece of white cloth worn from the waist down. In the north the "dhoti" is worn by placing it between the legs and tucking both ends in the waistband, while in Bengal only one end is tucked in, leaving the other free.

The headgear also differs widely. The distinctive headgear of the Muslims is the "fez." It is cone-like in shape and resembles a cap which has a flat top. It is usually adorned with a black tassel. The Parsees wear a hat shaped like a cow's head. Both Hindus and Muslims wear turbans. The Punjabi Muslim adds a picturesque touch by lifting one highly starched edge to form a tuft at the crown. The Sikhs wear a distinctive turban wrapped around tightly on a knot of hair—uncut hair is a sign of Sikh orthodoxy. A common hat which I saw many wear was similar in shape to the G. I. caps worn by the American boys. I was told that they are called the Gandhi cap. In other words, it is a party cap. I was also informed that many who are not followers of Gandhi wear the cap because it is both cool and economical.

I was much impressed with the Indian woman's dress or "sari." In draping the "sari" the Indian woman has no

time for zippers or foreign gadgets. It is simply draped over the shoulder and worn over a petticoat, one end being tucked in at the waistband. The "sari" is then wrapped around, making plenty of allowance for gathers or pleats, the fullness of which adds to the grace of the garment. The other end of the cloth is draped over either the shoulder or the head. Among the poorer classes no petticoat is worn. Instead, one end of the cloth is tucked between the legs and folded into the waistband at the back. The women walking about the parks look like a troop of fairies in their graceful and colorful dresses.

A married woman wears a red dot in the middle of her forehead. This dot is called "kumkum," which is also the name of the powder from which it is made. In general, the wearing of caste marks is confined to the Hindus. These marks are in the middle of the forehead in the shape of the letter "Y" or "U," and sometimes in the form of horizontal bars. These all indicate to what caste the person belongs. Among materials used for these caste marks are ash, white earth, yellow earth, and sandalwood paste.

The caste system is Hinduism's outstanding institution and curse. Every Hindu is born into a caste, from which he must take his wife, and which often determines how he is to make a living. For instance, if a man belonging to a certain caste is a water-carrier, his sons as a rule will also be water-carriers. The same holds true for street-sweepers, scavengers, etc. All told, there are some two thousand castes and subcastes in India. Originally there were four main caste groups: the Brahmins, or priests; the Kashatriya, or warrior group; the Vaisya, or merchants; and the Sudras, or farmers. Within these groups developed the numerous subcastes.

The Brahmin is extremely careful to keep himself pure. If he should brush against a member of a lower class he must immediately take a bath to become pure

again. If his food is touched by a member of a lower caste he may not eat it.

There are a large number of Indians who are outside the caste system. These are called "untouchables." In the official language, they are the "depressed classes" and are pitifully poor. There are forty-five million "untouchables" in India today. Their leader is a former "untouchable" by the name of Dr. Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar. Mr. Ambedkar is an extremely capable and energetic leader. I am told he is by far the most influential man in India today, his influence surpassing that of either Gandhi or Nehru. Much has been said about Gandhi and his sympathy for improving the position of the "depressed classes," but it is Mr. Ambedkar who has done the most for them and who is today their spokesman. It was entirely by accident that I met Dr. Ambedkar at a dinner engagement. He apologized to the host for coming late as he had had a pressing government appointment. His black hair and piercing dark eyes and large physical frame did not make him look very "depressed." We soon found him to be very well-read and well-informed on the world situation, as well as an excellent conversationalist. His ideas seemed progressive. His plan is to organize his people, whom he has already directed toward industry, along lines somewhat similar to trade unions. This will strengthen their political influence which heretofore has been practically negligible. He was educated in the United States, England, and Germany, and holds doctorate degrees from both American and European universities. Dr. Ambedkar is about fifty years old, and will be in the public eye for a decade or two. Unlike Gandhi and Nehru, he is friendly and co-operative toward the missionary. He left a strong impression, and I felt honored to have met India's outstanding exponent of democratic principles—a man both fearless and patriotic.

The Indian Political Puzzle

THE political puzzle in India is a problem which needs careful watching and nimble political handling. It is impossible for anyone who visits the country for a few weeks to present a view which approaches or even approximates a fair picture of the situation. However, one who has been in India does appreciate and understand this problem better than most Americans who have never visited the country and who live fifteen thousand miles away.

First of all, let me say that in all my contacts (and I talked with shop-keepers, students, merchants, Muslims, Hindus, and Christians) I found that the Indians were unanimous in their demand for freedom from Britain. One day I walked into a store to buy some socks, and the educated attendant began to discuss politics. He was so interesting that I listened to his oratorical and passionate plea for over an hour. He was unconditionally anti-British. As I left, he dramatically stretched forth his hand in one sweeping gesture and said, "And we are still slaves."

The British-Indian relationship is so fraught with dynamite that Americans should have at least a bird's-eye view of the situation. As if a bird's-eye view could be sufficient when many volumes have been written and hundreds of years have been spent discussing the British-Indian problem! But it might help to give us a clearer picture.

About sixty-one per cent of India (a total of 300 million people) comprise what is called British India. This is divided into eleven states and is under "British rule." The remaining thirty-nine per cent is included in what is known as the Indian States, and the ten million people who live in these states owe no allegiance to India whatsoever.

Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States and former Viceroy of India, is perhaps as well qualified to speak the British mind toward India as any living Englishman. Yet we do find that, in his thinking, even he is living largely in the past, as his defense of the British policy in India, published in the October, 1943, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, will indicate. Lord Halifax says, "The English did not come to conquer but to trade." If by "the English" he means the East India Trading Company, then he is right to a certain extent. For one hundred fifty years the relationship between England and India was largely commercial. But, and we quote Lord Halifax, "The Company's servants found it more and more difficult to avoid being involved in Indian disputes; and largely because the Company found itself a solid rock in the turbulent waters submerging the disintegrating empire of the Moguls, the British found themselves forced to assume an ever larger measure of responsibility." And so, according to Lord Halifax, India became "increasingly incapable of holding together her mighty empire; and thus dissolved in lawlessness, the only possible successor to take its place

was the East India Company under the shadow of the British Crown." This argument, as advanced by one of Britain's leading diplomats, is exactly the same argument Japan has used toward China the last decade or two. Japan also claims this same right to enter China. She thought she was the only nation who could bring order out of China's fighting war lords and various communistic groups. To the neutral observer, Britain's position in India is just as untenable as Japan's in China.

Lord Halifax claims, "In 1757, when the British began to obtain a real footing in India no one thought that there was anything unnatural in the idea that one people should rule another. Least of all should such a thought have occurred to the masses of India, who had repeatedly passed from the rule of one conqueror to another." In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the suppressed peoples of the world had little urge for freedom and self-government. But we are living in the twentieth century when all of mankind is crying for freedom from tyranny and foreign rule.

Most Britishers in India will enumerate the progress which India has enjoyed under the benevolent rule of the British Empire. They will point out that the population of India has increased from about 200 million in 1872 to 338 million in 1931. How Britain can take any great credit for the population increase is a little hard to understand. That Britain has tried to prevent famines and plagues, is common knowledge, but that India's population increase of 138 million is due to Britain's benevolent rule is rather beside the point.

India today has the largest irrigation system in the world. In 1942, sixty million acres were irrigated, an area twenty-two times as great as that covered by the Federal projects in the United States.

Great Britain has supplied India with a fairly complete system of railways connecting all parts of the coun-

try. She has introduced modern education, and most of the educated Indians owe their present status to the British. With the British came the missionary, who brought to India the new religion of Christianity, which certainly has made many social reforms in India and today claims nine million adherents.

British rule has brought many benefits to the Indian people, but it has not brought them freedom. We enumerated some of these benefits to an educated Indian of no mean repute. The Indian shook his black head of hair and answered passionately, "I don't argue that point. Even if the British were angels I would still want my independence."

The problem of Indian independence has been complicated by the fact that Indian politics are closely allied with religion, and these religious groups distrust one another. There are only one-third as many Muslims as there are Hindus, and the Muslims are afraid that a majority government controlled by the more numerous Hindus would mean that they would be neglected. Consequently they have often advocated a separate nation for the Muslims. A third political party is that of the Sikhs, who in turn are afraid of the Muslims, as they are in the majority in the Punjab district. And finally there are the forty-five million members of the lowest castes, who also have their party and are seeking independence and a better life. This greatly complicates the India picture. The only alternative to British rule is a harmonious India where all parties work together and not against one another. We mentioned this to an Indian of high rank, "You Indians can't get together among yourselves. There would be civil war if Britain gave you your independence." The Indian answered, "Yes, maybe so. There might be war and bloodshed among ourselves, but at least some party would win and some would become free. We would at least be ruled by our own people."

I asked one Indian what the Indian attitude was toward the present war. He answered, "Most Indians are entirely indifferent. The soldiers fight because they are trained to fight. As long as we must remain under a foreign power, I am indifferent as to whether Britain or Japan rules us."

I had heard that there are two million volunteers in the Indian army, so I asked an influential Indian if this was true. We were sitting across the table from one another eating ice-cream. The Indian answered, "Yes, that's true. Before the war there were about 100,000 Indians in the army. England did not want a large army as she knew the Indians would overthrow her rule. Now she asks for a large army as she needs the Indians to help her defend her Empire, and she tells the Indians that they are defending their own country. I tell you, I want my independence more than I want this ice cream that I am eating."

It is quite clear that the Indians want their freedom, which is the inalienable right of all. The Cripps Mission failed because the British offered India her freedom "after the war." The Indians want full self-government *now*. The Indians accuse the British of not being sincere. The British say they cannot afford to give India her freedom when the Indian parties cannot agree among themselves. I noticed that practically all of the government offices were in the hands of nationals. Most missionaries with whom I had a chance to talk sided with the British—perhaps because they felt that under British rule their work would prosper more than under Indian rule. No casual observer and traveler can offer any solution to this baffling colonial problem, but we hope for a happy one without bloodshed.

Airplane Trouble— Fresh Fish

AT the Inter-Mission Business Office in Bombay I met a number of Chinese friends who had left New York four months previous to my departure from the United States and who had arrived in India two days after I did. It was a happy surprise to meet them. They were planning a trip to New Delhi and the Taj Mahal at Agra. I was sorry I could not go with them as I was awaiting air transportation via the United States Army and I was therefore on call. However, I helped the men rope their baggage. Before we separated we had a wonderful Chinese meal at a Chinese restaurant. It was like being in China again.

I returned to the R.M. where I was staying. Shortly after dinner as we were standing about talking, there was a terrible explosion. Almost by instinct I fell on the floor beneath the window. Those of us who have been in bombing raids know that lying flat on your face is the safest position to take during an air raid, although it may not be the most dignified. The concussion from the

explosion split the wall in this building, blew the light bulbs to pieces, and in general caused a minor panic among the Indians. We had scarcely recovered from this explosion when another occurred, even more intense than the first one. At first we thought enemy planes had raided the city, but we soon learned that it was a local explosion which killed thousands of people and rendered tens of thousands homeless. I was glad that I was staying two miles from the scene of the disaster and not in one of the down-town hotels.

The next day the phone rang and military headquarters announced that they had received orders from Chungking to supply air travel for me and that there would be a plane out of the airport the next morning. I was told that I could not bring leather suitcases with me, but that I must use canvas bags. (This information was not correct, but practical nevertheless.) I spent the whole afternoon and evening trying to buy a canvas bag. I finally succeeded, and traded my leather suitcase for my board and room. I had been told to be ready at 12:00 and that a jeep would call for me. I had everything ready, from steel helmet to gas mask. I waited but no jeep came. I finally sent the house boy to the main thoroughfare to keep watch for the jeep, but he soon tired of waiting. I decided to go myself. I had just reached the police station on the corner when I saw a weapons carrier (a small army truck which carries weapons) crawl slowly up the street, and I knew my means of conveyance had arrived.

It did not take us long to load my luggage on the truck and away we went. The driver was of the opinion that he had only one hour in which to make the plane and I thought he drove very recklessly. But upon inquiry I learned that he had been in India for more than a year and I found that he was an experienced driver in more ways than one. He skilfully avoided running over any cows and always stopped abruptly when proceeding any

farther might kill a pedestrian. We arrived at the airport just as our plane was ready to take off. They threw my baggage into another jeep and we hurried out to the huge plane. In a few minutes I was aboard and discovered that I was the only passenger. The plane was loaded with baggage and military equipment but I didn't mind that at all. The British signal man, in his shorts and heavy wool stockings, signalled to our pilot and we taxied to the end of the field. There the plane waited until the order came through to take off. The pilot speeded up his engines and in a few minutes we were lifted off the runway. It was interesting to see Bombay from the air.

Almost from the beginning of the trip we gained altitude in order to cross some mountains north of Bombay. After flying for an hour the plane began to spit and sputter. The pilots decided to return rather than risk a forced landing at night. Not for a minute did I have any fears but I gathered something was wrong when the plane reversed its course. One of the pilots came from the operator's room and, after telling me of the trouble, said, "I guess you will have to spend a night at the barracks." When we returned to the airport I was told to take only my brief case with me as the plane was guarded and we would board the same plane the next morning after the engine had been overhauled.

A friendly jeep came to take us out to the officers' mess by the seashore. We had a delicious supper and then went out to cool off under the coconut trees. The sandy beach reached right up to the officers' cottage. I have seen beaches at Atlantic City, Los Angeles, Honolulu, and Peitaiho, China, but I doubt I have ever seen a smoother beach than this. Natives walked up and down in their colored robes, dogs romped about, swimmers bobbed up and down in the waves, and cyclists scuttled back and forth. In the distance I counted sixty-five fishing boats with their sails curved against the wind. I sat

and watched the sun set until it dipped behind the horizon like a big bronze coin. I found myself saying, "This is Gandhi's India. The India that wants to be free. What are we fighting for? The freedom of some countries and not of others? Why shouldn't India be free?" The enigma of the situation followed me to bed.

This was my first experience in an American barrack in India. The beds were made of wood with stretched ropes for springs. The mosquitoes were so thick you could swat a dozen with one stroke of the hand. I was glad that a mosquito net was provided for each bed. It was a life-saver.

Before dawn the next morning a G.I. awakened me. When I arrived at the airport I noticed to my dismay that my typewriter was gone. We looked all over and could not find it. I would not leave without it so the men had to unload my baggage from the plane, which proceeded without me.

As I stood and pondered my fate I was frankly discouraged. Typewriters are not only hard to buy in the Orient but the price is prohibitive (Chinese currency \$85,000 in Chungking). I spent the whole day hunting for my machine but without success. That night I retired with a heavy heart. I had reported the matter to the British, American, and Indian authorities. We even had the local police on the case. I was ready to give up the next day when suddenly someone called and said the typewriter had been found. It is still a mystery to me but I was happy enough to forgive and forget just to get my machine back. Now I noticed that most people carried their portable typewriters with them from their homes to their offices and vice versa. I can assure you that I feel that is the proper procedure for anyone fortunate enough to own a typewriter in the Orient.

The next morning I caught an early plane for Agra. There was one other passenger on board. The cargo was

rather unusual, a load of "fresh fish" for the boys up North. After inhaling the odor for several hours we began to question the freshness of the fish. Suddenly we noticed that it was growing very cold. My travelling companion put on his sheep-lined jacket. I shivered in my khaki shirt and trousers. One of the pilots came from the navigator's room and shouted, "Well, how are you feeling, men—is it cold out there?" I needed no prompting to tell him that I was freezing to death. "Yeah," the pilot drawled, "I guess it is pretty cold out there. You know, we are up 12,000 feet." We asked why we had to fly so high. "Well," said the pilot, "you know it is pretty hot on the ground—around 110 degrees—and if we do not fly at this height the fish may not keep until we get there. You know, it will be a real treat for the boys."

I reminded the pilot that if this continued there would be two more dead fish. He laughed and got me his fur-lined jacket. He then gave us each an army "K" ration consisting of beef-pork loaf, six cookies, some chocolate and sugar. We had no way of making bouillon from the powder, but a hot drink would have been appreciated. At any rate this appeasement on the part of the pilot did calm us down until we got to the next airport, which, without exception, was the hottest spot I have ever encountered on this earth. We were flying so high that we could not see much of the scenery but I knew from my reading of Indian geography that we flew over about fifty million Indians and a distance of some eight hundred miles.

Agra and the Taj Mahal

WE scrambled out of the plane at the large concrete airport. For a while I was completely dazed. The heat was simply terrific. The waves of heat reflected from the concrete rushed up to meet us. As I inhaled I noticed for the first time in my life that my nostrils hurt and burned on the inside. The heat, well over 110 degrees, was almost unbearable.

The passengers were asked to hop onto a truck and in a few minutes we were at the officers' barracks. I was assigned to a tent but was told to be on constant alert, as I had a second priority and would get to go on the next plane which called at this port. At the moment I was not interested in any more plane rides. I thought I had had enough for a while.

They ushered me into a tent occupied by an American dentist. He had come up from Ceylon, had been in India most of his life, and seemed to know how to tackle the weather. At first he laughed at me because I acted as if I were in a furnace. I touched the table and my hand

burned. I tried to use the tin water pitcher to pour out some water but the handle burned the palm of my hand. I steadied myself on the bamboo prop and burned myself again. The dentist handed me a metal case and it burned me so I dropped it on the floor.

The friendly dentist told me to sprinkle my bed sheets with water. That would cool off the room and the sheets would not burn me. I thought at first that he was kidding but he wasn't. He sprinkled water all over my bed. I then "lay me down" and, believe it or not, it was cool for just a wee bit.

I was told there was an officers' mess across the way. To my surprise, I found an excellent restaurant, operated by Americans and filled with U. S. Army personnel. I drank glass after glass of iced tea. Then I ordered ice cream. The electric fans there were most welcome. After this rest from the heat I returned to the tent where the dentist stayed.

We began talking and sharing experiences. I wanted to see the Taj Mahal and so did the dentist. It was already almost six o'clock in the evening but we decided to make the trip anyway. In fact, someone had told me that the Taj looked best in the moonlight. We were told that a horse carriage could take us there in half an hour.

A dilapidated carriage finally came rumbling down the bumpy road. We hailed the driver and jumped in. For a few minutes we thought we were in luck but soon noticed that the horse was completely tired out. The driver cursed and swore, but to no avail. The climax came when we arrived at a railroad intersection where the gates were closed. We waited patiently for the train which did not seem to arrive. In desperation we paid off the driver, crawled under the railway gates and walked into the famous city of Agra.

The city of Agra was a great disappointment. It had very few modern buildings besides the hotels and villas

of the British police. The shops in the main were rather ordinary. Most of them sold curios to the soldiers of the Allied forces who came and went.

Being told that the famous Taj Mahal was another half-hour's ride from the village, we climbed into another horse carriage. The road wound through a beautiful park. It was downhill so the carriage pushed the skinny old horse along at a fair rate of about three miles an hour. The sun was setting near the horizon and the temperature had dropped to a little below 100 degrees.

Congratulating ourselves on the progress we were making, we suddenly pulled into a large courtyard surrounded by walls of red stone. The driver motioned us to get out. This was the place. We paid him nothing so we felt quite sure that he would wait for us. We walked through this courtyard, up some stairs, through a gateway, and there, silhouetted against the sinking sun, stood the world-famous Taj in all its splendor. This is the jewel and glory of Indian architecture and one of the seven wonders of the world. No monument in India has been so frequently photographed. For centuries this mausoleum has stood unguarded and thousands of worshippers have visited the Taj to pay homage to the shrine of Mumtaz and Shahjahan. Before we describe this wonderful place it might be well to acquire a background of the history of Mumtaz Mahal in whose memory this unique edifice was planned.

Mumtaz Mahal was the daughter of Mirza Abul Hasan Asif Jah who was brother of Nurjahan and son of Mirza Ghias Beg, Prime Minister of Jahangir. She was a niece of the famous Nurjahan. She was born in 1003 A.H. (1594 A.D.). Her father and grandfather took pains to acquaint her with all branches of education suited to her status in life. Her fascinating beauty and charming manners coupled with her accomplishments went even beyond the confines of the Harem. Jahangir had the lady be-

trothed to his son Shahjahan in 1607, and five years later the marriage took place, the bridegroom being nearly twenty-one years old and the bride nineteen.

The young emperor had a number of other wives but he was most attached to Mumtaz. She was his constant companion even on military expeditions to the most remote parts of the empire. He remained passionately devoted to her until her death.

Mumtaz was tender-hearted by nature, and she secured royal pardon for many a man sentenced to death. Her purse was always open to the orphan and to the poor.

The emperor had fourteen children by Mumtaz Mahal, of whom eight were sons and six daughters. It was while giving birth to her last child that the Empress died in 1630 A.D.

When the king heard of his wife's illness he hastened to her bedside just in time to hear the last words of the dying queen, "Take good care of my children and my father and my mother when I am gone." The whole country lamented her death. The sad event affected the king so much that for weeks he lived in perfect seclusion. For two years he abstained totally from all pleasure. His grief affected his health so much that his hair turned gray.

Six months after the death of the young queen, her body was taken to Agra. At first a temporary tomb was constructed, but under orders from the emperor the present Taj was built, which to this day remains the wonder of the world.

Shahjahan invited to his court for consultation all the eminent architects and masons in his domain, as well as architects from foreign countries, such as Persia, Arabia, and Turkey. There has been great controversy as to who made the original design. Some ascribe it to an Italian; others state that a French artist designed the Taj. The Indians themselves seem to reject these theories and claim

that the form of the mausoleum is entirely Saracenic and Eastern, and as such could not have been designed by a Venetian. Mosaic art was invented and brought to perfection in the Islamic world centuries before the execution of the Taj. Even France was unacquainted with this art at a period when it flourished in Persia, Egypt, Syria, Bagdad, Damascus, Sicily, and Spain. So the Indians seem to believe that the conception of the Taj must have come from a Mohammedan. Mosaic art was practiced in Agra long before the Taj was built.

The entrance to the Taj is a beautiful gateway, opening into a spacious quadrangle surrounded by arcaded rooms of solid masonry adorned by four gateways on each side. Walking over a broad stone pavement, one enters a large gateway of red stone most elaborately carved and inscribed with verses from the Koran. This gateway opens into a spacious quadrangle surrounded by a high wall of red sandstone with turrets at the angles and a gateway on either side. A straight pathway of white marble flanks either side of a long and shallow reservoir, and on each side there is an avenue of cypress trees. The two marble paths terminate in a double flight of stairs leading to a marble platform from which arises another platform some twenty feet above the garden level, and on this marble platform stands the lovely marble Taj.

Upon reaching the terrace on which the Taj stands, one is first lost in admiration of the beauty and magnificence which surrounds the structure. The latticed marble work is most exquisite. At every turn new beauty is discovered. The pavement is a checkered mosaic of black and white marble. At each corner of the terrace there stands a circular minaret in white marble reminding one of giant ivory chessmen.

In the center of the platform stands the mausoleum, a square of 186 feet, surrounded by a number of turrets. From the center springs the principal dome, thirty-eight

feet in diameter and eighty feet in height, reaching to a height of 260 feet from the ground level.

Before entering the mausoleum itself, we were required to take off our shoes and wear a pair of sandals. The central octagonal room faces the four cardinal points. Into this central room there are entrances from eight suites of rooms. One or two priests were reciting the Koran and their utterances echoed and re-echoed throughout the dome above.

The arches and walls are decked with passages from the Koran in large letters of black marble laid into white marble and polished with so much skill that the surface is absolutely smooth. Each letter is a foot in height, and they are so precisely inserted that they appear the same size from afar and nearby. Ferguson's description of this central room cannot be improved upon.

"The light in the central apartment is admitted only through double screens of white marble trellis work of the most exquisite design, one on the outer and one on the inner face of the wall. In our climate this would produce nearly darkness; but in India, and in a building composed of white marble this was required to temper the glare that otherwise would have been intolerable. As it is, no words can express the charmed beauty of that central chamber, seen in the soft gloom of the subdued light that reaches it through the distant and half-closed opening that surrounds it. When used as a Baradari or pleasure palace, it must always have been the coolest and loveliest of garden retreats and now that it is sacred to the dead, it is the most graceful and the most impressive of the sculptures in the world."

In the grand hall under the principal dome stands the false tomb of Mumtaz and, close by, that of her husband. Some priests were burning incense and, thinking that this was the real tomb, we gave them some alms. But the real tombs were in a lower vault to which the priests

led us. They again asked for alms but this time we gave them only a few coins. The tombs themselves are made of white marble exquisitely carved and inlaid with agate, bloodstone, lapis lazuli, carnelian and many other colored gems and stones. The flowers on the tombs are carved with such exactness in sixty different colors that they look as real as if they were natural flowers.

The sight of the Taj by moonlight is most fascinating. The whole structure seems to sparkle like a diamond in the bright slanting rays of moonlight, and the pure marble looks like a brilliant pearl on a silvery plate.

Ever since the Taj Mahal was built it has been the subject of admiration on the part of poets and travellers of various nationalities. Certainly it is one of the most magnificent architectural monuments ever raised by man. One writer has said, "It is too pure, too holy to be the work of human hands, angels must have wrought it from heaven, and a glass case should be thrown over it to preserve it from the breath of the air."

As it was getting quite late, the dentist and I reluctantly took our leave. We tipped the guards for letting us use the clumsy sandals and walked slowly back the marble pathway to the end of the courtyard. For a minute we stood with our eyes glued on the Taj. I think I broke the silence when I asked, "Well, did it come up to your expectations?" The dentist answered, "It certainly did—it is just too wonderful! What is your reaction?" "Well," I answered, "I've seen the Temple of Heaven, but—"

True to our prediction, the driver and the horse were waiting for us. After a rest of a few hours they both seemed refreshed, and the skinny horse even trotted on the homeward run. We arrived at our barracks about eleven o'clock. The weather had cooled off considerably and it couldn't have been more than 100 degrees. I sprinkled water all over my bed and flopped down for what I thought was going to be a good night's rest.

Northern India

I HAD been asleep scarcely an hour when two G.I.'s came rushing into our tent with flashlights, shouting, "Is Dr. Nelson here? Calling Dr. Nelson." "Here, here," I found myself answering. "Well, you had better hurry and get ready," said the attendant. "You have exactly half an hour to go." I reluctantly pulled myself out of bed and dressed hurriedly. Soon my baggage was ready. A group of Indians came and hoisted the various pieces on their backs and I stumbled after. We waited over half an hour for the truck to come. At the airport I found four privates were also taking this plane. Two overhauled airplane engines were strapped to the floor of the plane. We hoped for a happy landing because if these engines should decide to wander around inside the plane we poor passengers would be out of luck. But our ride was velvety and uneventful. We left Agra airport about midnight and climbed higher and higher into the dark night. A few lights from the planet below reminded us that we had left terra firma.

About eighty-five miles northwest of Agra is Delhi, the capital city of India. It is one of the oldest cities in India, with crumbling forts and palaces. Camel wagons and throngs of people provide some of the most colorful scenes in all India. Five miles away is the modern city of New Delhi, built in the present century as the capital of India. It is laid out on a spacious plan that reminds an American of Washington. Forty years ago it was a desert plain. They say the air is so dry at New Delhi that if you wash out your handkerchief it will dry in a few seconds.

Our plane adjusted its course in an easterly direction. The monotony of the night was interrupted only by flashes from the beacon lights which guided the plane on its course. We were flying across the United Provinces of India, with a combined population of fifty-five million and an area of 106,000 square miles. In the United Provinces a wide variety of crops is found, ranging from sugar cane, millet, pulses, linseed and cotton, to wheat. We were flying over the plains of northern India, stretching from the Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal in one big curve. This is no doubt one of the most fertile plains in the world, made up of deep, rich soil washed down for thousands of years by mighty rivers. It is more than two thousand miles from end to end, with an average width of almost two hundred miles. Railroads wind their way across the plain and along the great river beds. Two-thirds of India's population lives here.

The Himalayas curve like a scimitar across the northern part of India to make an almost complete rampart. Its main range includes such giants as 29,141-foot Mt. Everest and Kinchinjunga, 28,146 feet high. I talked with some pilots who have flown for years from Assam to China.

Because of the completeness of this wall, the few usable passes from the plains are important. One route leads

from Darjeeling, the famous summer resort and site of the American School, to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. Through the eastern offshoot of the Himalayas are half a dozen routes from India to China, including the one through Manipur. It was by this route that General Sir Harold Alexander, in May, 1842, retreated with his forces to India after the Burma campaign.

To the south of our flying course over the United Provinces lies the famous and holy city of Benares, situated on the Ganges. Here thousands of pilgrims go each year to bathe in the sacred waters. Natal, to the north of our course, is one of the most inaccessible countries in the world. We passed over the provincial boundary into Bihar Province, with a population of thirty-six million people and an area of sixty-nine thousand square miles. Bihar, once the home of opium and indigo plantations, has sugar cane as its main crop. Bihar and Bengal Provinces both have rich iron and coal deposits, and in Jamshedpur we find the steel town of India. Flying from Bihar, we passed over Bengal Province, with a population of sixty million and an area of eighty thousand square miles. Bengal is the most famous jute-growing province in the world. It also grows much rice. We flew north of Calcutta, which is the capital of Bengal and the industrial center of India. It is also the second largest city in the British Empire, second only to London.

From the great Province of Bengal we crossed over into Assam Province, in the extreme northeast of India—the last hopping-off place for China. The oriental sun had just peeked over the eastern horizon, and I can't remember when I ever saw a more gorgeous sunrise. To the north as far as we could see were mountains—high and majestic. We flew close to these mountains but still followed the plain and the mighty Brahmaputra river, known through its long Tibetan course as the Tsangpo river.

As I looked down upon the fertile plains, I realized I had never seen such green and velvety vegetation. The fields looked like mighty tracts of oriental rugs. Upon closer scrutiny I could see neat houses and plantation mansions. Then it dawned on me that this was Assam, the most famous tea-producing country in the world. Many Englishmen have made a fortune on these tea plantations. I was told that most of the young men have been called to military service, so the management of most of these plantations has been turned over to older men not of military age.

As I sat there looking out over this vast country, I thought of its greatness. In less than twelve hours we had passed over the United Provinces, Bihar, Bengal, and Assam, with a population of 141 million and an area of 310 thousand square miles. The whole of India covers more than two million square miles. It is nineteen times the size of Great Britain; it is three-fifths the size of the United States. It has nearly four hundred million people —more than the combined populations of North and South America, or one-fifth of the population of the earth. Yes, India is one of the great countries of the earth, with a long and a great civilization.

Few Westerners realize the antiquity of Indian civilization. Few know that before the first great Egyptian pyramid was built there was in existence on the western bank of the Indus a civilization that seems to be as old as any yet known to historians.

In 1924 there were discovered, on the lower reaches of the Indus river, four or five cities which, according to the archeologist Sir John Marshall, proved that there existed in India a highly developed city life as far back as the third and fourth millennia B.C. "The presence in many of the houses of wells and bathrooms, as well as elaborate drainage systems, betoken a social condition of the citizens . . . superior to that prevailing in contemporary Bab-

ylonia and Egypt." Excavated at these sites were household utensils, painted pottery, chessmen, coins older than any previously known, highly developed stone carving, copper weapons, the model of a two-wheeled cart (the oldest known example of a two-wheeled cart), bangles of gold and silver, necklaces and other jewelry "so well finished and so highly polished that they might have come out of a Bond Street jeweler's of today, rather than from the prehistoric house of 5,000 years ago."

India is one of the leading nations in Asia and in literacy she rates next to Japan. There are today seventeen universities in India, with nearly 350 art colleges and professional schools, which specialize in such subjects as medicine, engineering, technology, and the training of teachers. The literacy figure is 12½ per cent in British India. This contrasts unfavorably with some Indian States, notably Travancore and Mysore. According to the 1941 census, sixty-seven per cent of the men and over forty-two per cent of the women in Travancore are literate.

India, like her neighbor, the sleeping giant of China, is just beginning to wake up. Her contribution to world progress and culture is something which we cannot afford to ignore.

During the last few decades a number of notable Indians have come to the fore and into world limelight. We shall mention only a few of the outstanding leaders of modern India.

BHIMRAO RAMJI AMBEDKAR was born in 1893. Dr. Ambedkar is the leader of India's outcastes, the untouchable Hindus. These unfortunate people have also been more recently referred to as the "depressed classes." By a continuous and strenuous fight for them, he has moved the conscience of the more travelled and educated Hindus into realization of the world's antagonism to un-

touchability. Mr. Ambedkar was himself at one time an "untouchable," but through special consideration and scholarships he worked himself up the social ladder and became one of India's great leaders. He is quite sympathetic toward the Christian missionary, who has sympathized with him in his ambitions. His plan is to organize the "depressed classes" into something like trade unions to strengthen their political position. He was educated, at the expense of the late Gaewar of Baroda, in the United States, Germany, and London. In July he was appointed Labor Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council. It was my good fortune to dine with him in Bombay, and I was much impressed with his physical as well as intellectual greatness. Some say he is the most influential Indian today and wields more influence than even Gandhi.

MAHOMED ALI JINNAH was born December 25, 1876. Mr. Jinnah has been the President of the Muslim League since 1935. His ancestors were originally Hindus but were converted to Islam after the coming of the Muslim invaders. He was educated in England. For twenty years he has been strongly opposed to Mr. Gandhi's policies and methods, particularly his civil disobedience movements. Mr. Jinnah is not only a brilliant lawyer but the most brilliant advocate of the Muslim cause in India. The present strength and influence of the Muslim League is entirely due to his personal efforts. In July, 1943, he received knife wounds from an attempted assassination but survived the ordeal.

ABDUL GHAFFAR KHAN is known as the "Frontier Gandhi." He is the outstanding Congress Muslim leader of the north, and is head of the Red Shirts or "Servants of God." They derived the title Red Shirts from wearing brick-brown shirts. Their main aim is to work for the uplift of the Muslims of the Northwest Frontier Prov-

ince and tribal areas. A powerful man of six feet six inches, Mr. Khan is, in spite of his Islamic traditions, a great devotee of non-violence, like Gandhi.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU ranks with Gandhi as one of the foremost political figures in Indian national life. He is a Kashmiri Brahmin, a very Brahmin of Brahmins. Nehru was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected President of the Indian Congress in 1929 and again in 1936 and 1937. One of the stylists of Indian writers of the English language, he has written an autobiography which ought to be read by everyone who would understand India. The seeming paradox of Nehru is that he, an internationalist, a socialist, and militant opponent of dictatorial powers, endorses the Gandhian program. The most plausible explanation of this political phenomenon is that Nehru knowingly allows his convictions to be over-ridden in order to maintain a united front with Gandhi. Nehru believes that unity in the Indian Congress is more important than upholding one's individual opinions.

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU was born in 1879 of a distinguished Brahmin family, but she married a non-Brahmin. In 1925 she was elected president of the Indian National Congress, the first Indian woman to hold this office. Next to the late Dr. R. Tagore, she is the best known poet in India. She has published three volumes in English: *The Golden Threshold*, *The Bird of Time*, and *The Broken Wing*. All her adult life she has worked for the rights of Indian women, against the abuses of child-marriage, and for the intellectual and moral advancement of her country. She is a brilliant impromptu speaker and a sparkling conversationalist.

CHAKRAVARTI RAJAGOPALACHARI was born in Madras Province in 1879. He combines a refined intellect with

a keen administrative ability, and his province was a model one. He is a prohibitionist and was the first to introduce prohibition legislation in India. In 1942 he resigned from the Working Committee of the Congress because he felt that the party was too intolerant towards the Hindu-Muslim League. Although a Brahmin and intensely religious, he is still the outstanding champion of Hindu-Muslim goodwill. He strongly deplores disobedience and favors a popular government for India before she can usefully support the Allied cause.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was born in 1861 and died in 1941. He was educated in Brighton and University College, London. Tagore is the most notable Indian writer of the whole period of British administration in India. In 1913 he won the Nobel Prize for literature. As a Brahmin, Tagore exercised a great influence on the religious and artistic culture of India. His patriotism was fervid but his contributions were cultural rather than political. In 1901 he founded, near Calcutta, "The Abode of Peace," where he sought to infuse into the Western system of education a reverence for Indian philosophy and a passion for Indian culture. In August, 1940, he received the Oxford degree of Doctor of Letters at the first convocation ever held outside Oxford.

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI is without doubt the most colorful of all Indian leaders during the last twenty years. He was born in 1869 in the small Indian state of Porbandar and came from the trading caste. He married at the age of thirteen and reached England in 1888 where he was called to the Bar. On his return to India he practiced law for a while and then was lured to South Africa where the Indian colony offered him better law prospects. He spent twenty years in South Africa evolving the theory of non-violence, with which his name has been linked ever since. Back in India he began his great struggle with

the British Government, although he loyally supported her during the 1914-1918 war. In 1920 he launched his first India-wide civil disobedience movement. Four years later he was elected President of the Congress. In 1930 he launched his famous "salt march" to the sea. The salt tax was a British monopoly to which Gandhi objected. In 1932 he attended the Round Table Conference in England at which a new constitution was being hammered out. On his return to India he underwent his famous fasts to bring pressure on various groups in India and upon the British Government. In 1934 he retired from the Congress, although he continued to run it from behind the scenes. In August, 1942, he and other Congress leaders were arrested for threatening a civil disobedience movement unless the British Government surrendered power to India. While under detention he survived a three-week fast in February-March, 1943, in his seventy-fourth year. In 1944 he, together with other Congress leaders, was released from detention by the British authorities. Although it is reported that Gandhi is rapidly losing his prestige in India, he, more than any one else, embodies the hopes, ideals, and aspirations of the Indian people, and no Indian has been worshipped more.

Assam— The Ledo Road— Burma

OUR plane taxied onto a large concrete airfield somewhere in the northern part of Assam Province, India. A heavy rain had flooded part of the field. In turning around at the end of the runway the pilot backed the wheels of his plane into three feet of mud. After a few futile attempts to get out of the mud, the pilot and his crew abandoned the plane and left the three G.I.'s and me sitting with the baggage. We were not equipped with boots so we did not care to risk tramping through the mud. After some delay a truck came to unload the freight and we climbed over the truck and out onto dry land. A few swarthy Indians came to unload our baggage and in the process a bedding bundle belonging to one of the G.I.'s fell in the muddy water. The G.I.'s delegated me to proceed to what looked like the observation tower and airport depot. After a little explanation and after I had displayed my travel orders a truck was ordered to bring us to the staging barracks.

The driver was a Negro from the Southern States. He seemed to take particular delight in rounding all corners on two wheels but we managed to hang on. At the barracks I was assigned to the officers' quarters. The room was clean and the windows and doors even had screens. There was a public shower and a bathroom. As I was washing up for dinner I heard a peculiar whistle, shrill and piercing, like the train whistles in Australia. I looked out the window and here, sure enough, came a tiny train, chugging its way at the fast clip of some thirty-five miles an hour. The G.I.'s who were operating the train laughed and waved at me. I was told that the local management of the railroad from Calcutta to northern Assam was so poor that the American Army finally took over the whole line. The speed was increased from fifteen to thirty-five miles an hour and the freight hauls had been more than doubled. I inquired why it was that the trains were operated on such a slow schedule before, and I was given a twofold reason. In the first place, the Indians would often call an anti-British strike and the railroad would cease to function. Another reason for the many delays was that the engineer would stop the train every time a cow decided to take a walk on the tracks. The Assam cows delighted in walking the railroad tracks and the Indians did not mind the interruptions. When the American boys took over, the trains would run on schedule, and cows and pedestrians who got in the way of the train were just out of luck. One day I took a walk along the tracks with a few officers and we came across three cows that had been bumped off the tracks, as well as a small calf which had been injured. Evidently the Americans are determined to bring supplies into China even if a few cattle die in the effort and some of the older Indian philosophy is by-passed.

The food at the officers' mess was delicious. There was plenty of good bread and butter and the other staple

products of a good army diet. I especially enjoyed the ice water and iced tea. In the evening when I went back to my room I met a newspaper man from *Time Magazine*. He was a pleasant roommate. In the middle of the night an urgent call came for him. He picked up his camera equipment and in a few minutes was over in Burma taking pictures of the gallant work the American girls were doing for the wounded Chinese and American boys. He said the American Red Cross girls were high in their praise of the Chinese and American soldiers.

The next morning I was happy to meet some of the officers with whom I had traveled from the States. It seemed good to have friends with whom to go sightseeing. We called at the office of the Air Transport Command and were told that the planes to China were all booked up for the next two weeks. This did not discourage us too much as we wanted to see some of Assam and possibly Burma. The next day we provided ourselves with some good G.I. walking shoes and other necessary equipment. We decided not to go via ordinary transportation but to hitch-hike. The three officers were equipped with regular army weapons and their revolvers bobbed up and down. They even had their jungle knives with them. I dressed in regular uniform plus my steel helmet, but I did not feel the need of weapons as the others would be able to take care of me in case of attack. We were told the Japanese had snipers within close range of the American camp.

Our destination was Ledo, and eventually the Burma Road. We had walked only two miles when a friendly jeep gave us a few miles' ride. We thanked the officer for the favor and started off again—on our way to Ledo. I do not remember how many jeeps we rode in, but luck came our way when a scout car drew up beside us and we all piled in. It began to rain but we did not mind,

as the rain settled the dust. Traffic on the road was terrific. Once in a while we would pass an honest-to-goodness bulldozer or road grader. The road in the main was interesting, winding in and out between the high jungles and tea plantations. We passed a number of quaint towns and in one there was a large oil refinery. American barracks and storehouses were smartly hidden away in the jungles at various intervals of a few miles. We finally came to a wide river, evidently a branch of the Brahmaputra, spanned by a suspension bridge. Both American and Chinese sentinels guarded the entrances to the bridge. We came to a village and were told, "This is Ledo." The scout car stopped in the rain and the four of us jumped out, adventure-bound. We inquired our way and finally landed at the headquarters of a certain Engineers' Unit snugly nestled at the foot of the Himalayan mountains. The camp was immaculate. We inquired for some officers we knew were at this camp and in a short time were ushered across a high bamboo bridge to the other side of the ravine. There in some neat barracks we found our friends from Bombay.

They immediately took us into their quarters and we sat down for a chat. A few nights previously they had been talking about cobras. One of the boys shot his revolver into the top of the mat roof and what should he do but kill a fifteen-foot cobra. The bite of the cobra is poisonous and usually means certain death unless there is access to the venom treatment immediately. We all agreed that Burma was no place for a white man.

Our friends took us over to the officers' club where we had a delicious dinner. All this in the lap of the Himalayan mountains in northern Burma! On a clear day the snow-capped mountains could be seen in the distance. There were so many jeeps lined up outside the officers' mess I was reminded of the parked cars at an American football game.

After dinner we went out to see the town. We looked for curios but the American boys had already bought up anything which the natives might have had to sell. As we were walking along the mountainside we saw a queue of short, peculiar-looking aborigines walking single file down the path. We asked who they were and were informed that these were the head-hunters of Burma fame. Each man carried a long sword which curved abruptly at the end. These head-hunters are very efficient at decapitating, and until the American boys arrived they specialized in collecting heads. They had now been partially tamed by the American boys who gave them cigarettes and trinkets. We were told that the Japanese had offered these head-hunters thousands of dollars for the heads of our American boys. This dissertation on executions did not help our morale and again we felt that this was no place for a foreigner.

We walked into a store which sold American razors and here in the heart of the jungles I bought a safety razor for thirteen rupees (about \$5.00 U. S. currency). I had tried all over India to buy one, but with no success. What made the purchase still more interesting was that the proprietor of the store was a Chinese who spoke Mandarin.

The Chinese soldiers we met were well-fed and well-equipped. General Joseph Stillwell had trained them into a hard fighting unit. Their morale was high. I spoke to a Chinese colonel who said, "Our soldiers are good fighters. We have made no retreat in our Burma campaign. It is only the British who retreat"—referring to the temporary British retreat on the Imphal plain. I noticed the Chinese officer had a special insignia and when I asked him why the Chinese Army was called the "Hsin Chun" or "New Army," he answered, "Because we are the New Army of China. Those boys up north don't know how to fight." He seemed to have plenty of confi-

dence in the ultimate success of the Burma campaign, and events since seem to have substantiated his claim.

It was in Burma that the Chinese soldiers got their terrific beating which caused Lieutenant-General Joe Stilwell to say, "I think we ought to find out what caused it and go back and retake it." It seems that the general and his soldiers were well on their way to cutting across north Burma, effecting at long last a link from India to China.

Most Americans know very little about Burma, which before the war was one of the most beautiful lands of the earth, with its palaces and temples and natural beauty. The Burmese are ordinarily a docile people and hospitable if they are fairly treated. The climate is not extreme, although there are periods of excessive heat and heavy rainfall. But there is low humidity even in the hottest seasons and despite the heavy rains of the monsoon season, central Burma is not sodden and fever-ridden.

Were you to fly over Burma you would be impressed by the fact that its cities are few and far between. Much of its cultivated lowland area is given over to rice fields. Most of Burma is extremely mountainous and its ranges spreading from border to border are cut through by some of the largest rivers on earth, one draining down from the snows of the Himalayas. The interior of Burma is noted for its good hunting of leopards, tigers and wild buffalo. The elephant is, of course, native to Burma and is used everywhere for transportation purposes. It is quite a common thing for a native to send his servant and elephant to meet a friend.

When the Japanese invaded Burma there was less than one division of British soldiers defending the country. Although the British put up a good fight along the Salween river, the Japanese effected a crossing and the fate of lower Burma was sealed. The British had to evacuate

Rangoon and the fight was continued in upper Burma, with the Chinese joining the British troops. The Chinese lacked ammunition and artillery, in fact everything but a willingness to fight. The second part of the defense of Burma was carried out along the valleys of the Irrawaddy and the Sittang rivers. The British and Chinese soldiers were caught hopelessly unprepared and the campaign wore through to its inevitable conclusion. The Chinese retreated to Assam in India and to Yunnan in China. The defenders did well to destroy the oil fields along the Irrawaddy, which, exclusive of the Middle East, are the major source of petroleum on the Asiatic mainland.

The Burmese as a people are characterized by cleanliness, a sense of humor, a sense of honor, and a love of sport, but most of them are inclined to be extremely lazy. Like the Indians, the Burmese chew betel-nuts, which discolor their gums and teeth—a habit which gives a bad first impression. However, the Burmese have reached a relatively high order of living. Most of the Burmese are Buddhists and this accounts for the picturesque scenery of the country, as every town and hamlet is marked by its own pagoda and monastery. The spiritual head of every village is the yellow-robed "ponji," or monk.

The hill people are not exclusively Buddhist. Although many of them are Animists, Christianity has made much greater progress among the hill tribes than among the Burmese. The most advanced tribe, known as the Sgaw Karens, is mainly Christian.

The Burmese like bright colors and even the most primitive has a silk "lungi," which is the national dress. This is a cylindrical shirt worn folded over in a simple fold at the front and reaching to the ankles. It is quite general for the Burmese to cut their hair as we do. But where the old customs prevail, the men wear their straight black hair tied in a knot on one side of the head.

The women dress their hair with coconut oil and wear it in a cylinder on top of the head.

The population of Burma numbers fifteen million people. Burma is exactly halfway around the world from the United States. The staple food of Burma is rice, and its waters abound in fish. The Burmese are for the most part vegetarians and eat little meat. They like hot dishes which would burn the ordinary palate and serve their fish either fried in peanut oil or made into a paste.

The Burmese differ from the average Oriental in that they do not bargain. They will usually size you up, state their price, and the choice remains with you—take it or leave it. I found this to be true in my experiences along the Ledo Road.

I was told that from the Karen country come the celebrated "brass-necked" Padaung women, known to our circus-goers because of their necks which have been stretched to giraffe-like proportions by coils of wire. I was sorry that I did not get to see any of these long-necked Burmese women.

C H A P T E R T H I R T E E N

Over the Hump

OUR trip back from the Burma front was uneventful. We first managed to get a ride on a jeep which took us five miles to a jungle barrack of the U. S. Army. Then a truck came along and again a Negro driver took pity on us. Although the truck was not so comfortable as the jeep, it bumped along steadily until we reached home late that evening. A shower just before we arrived at our destination drenched us to the skin, but we did not mind the cooling effect.

The thing that impressed me most on the homeward journey was a small United States Army cemetery in the heart of the jungles almost hidden from the main highway. There in neat rows I could see hundreds of white crosses. Each cross represented one of our boys who had fallen in the Burma campaign. The boys on the Burma front are farthest away from home. When they die they are buried in the quiet jungles. No one goes there to do them homage. They are our unsung heroes.

When we arrived in camp there was a good deal of

commotion over rumors that we might be flying over the "Hump" (referring to the airplane ride from Assam into China). But nothing happened. We passed the time playing chess, writing letters, and eating good American army food.

Suddenly on April 27 we were told to be "on call," which meant that we might be leaving at any moment. I was ready for the big "jump" over the Himalayan mountains. Long before dawn we staggered to our feet and hurried over to the almost empty mess hall to get a bite of breakfast. I wondered whether it would be wise to eat more than my share in case we were forced down in the Burma jungles and had to be without food for days on end.

We waited patiently for some time, and were then told it would be almost noon before we could get away. Some of us decided to "sweat it out" playing chess. At 11:30 we were ordered to get our belongings ready. An oversized truck came alongside and took us and our baggage to the airport in a few minutes. We had been urged to dress warmly for high altitude climbing so I wore my winter clothes, including a warm sweater. The temperature was around 100 degrees.

When we reached the airport we were given a lecture on how to exist in the jungles. Our emergency pack was explained to us. We were given a book containing advice about insects, snakes, wild beasts, and head-hunters. We were told what to do in case of accidents as we bailed out. The importance of pulling the ripcord in the parachute was impressed upon us. One boy asked, "What shall we do if the 'chute doesn't open?" The instructor said, "Pull again." We all laughed weakly. Then we were taken into a nearby room to have the parachute fitted. It is important that the 'chute fit properly. The first one they slipped on me fit quite well. The straps were fastened around my thighs and I walked out of the

room with the 'chute flopping clumsily against my legs.

The heat was terrific and we wondered if the plane would ever take off. It was a huge C-46 transport with a wing span of fifty-two feet. We were told it consumed nine hundred gallons of gasoline on one trip from Assam to Kunming, China. The sun was scorching hot so we huddled under the wide wings to escape the sun. The officers and staff disappeared for dinner but we sat perspiring in our winter clothes. After a long wait the pilots and crew returned and we were told to file into the interior of the transport.

I had never before seen such a large plane. The center of the transport was piled high with baggage fastened securely to the floor of the plane. There was no choice of seats. We took the first place available and tried to squeeze our parachute into the aluminum seat. The U. S. soldiers fastened their guns to any available straps or ropes to keep them from rattling when the plane took off. I tried to fasten my typewriter to my side, as I had lost it once before and was determined this time to keep an eye on it day and night. We were soon settled but the heat was unbearable. The sweat dripped off my face onto the aluminum floor in a steady stream. I looked at the other boys and every one of them was red and steaming with perspiration. We were certainly "sweating it out" in more ways than one. We were very quiet—I don't know why.

After a wait which seemed like an eternity the four-leaf propellers began to roar. In a few seconds the elephant-like transport lifted off the ground, and we were climbing into the clouds. One of the crew came to tell us we would have to use our oxygen masks as the air was getting thin. We were all supplied with oxygen masks. It looked like a kind of bagpipe with a long funnel which fastened securely over nose and mouth. This inhaler was made of rubber and fit snugly over the face. To the other

end of the oxygen mask was attached a long tube which we had to fasten to a socket leading into the pipe above our head. This caused the oxygen supply to circulate. As we inhaled the oxygen, the bag contracted and expanded so slowly that for a while I feared I was not getting enough air to breathe properly. As I looked at the other passengers soberly inhaling from their pulsating oxygen bags, I could not help laughing. The small inhalers looked like miniature elephant trunks and we resembled a grotesque variety of the elephant species.

As the transport gained altitude the air became cooler and one of the pilots opened the trap door in the roof of the plane. The fresh air was delicious but we were glad that we had worn our winter clothes. Being hungry, as we had not had any food since early dawn, I wrote a note to the major beside me, saying that I was going to take off my mask and have a bite to eat. The major objected violently and warned me not to take any chances. However, the urge for food was strong, so I unfastened the mask and sat quietly for a while to see how I would react. Feeling fit as a fiddle, I got out some Army rations and helped myself to biscuits and a drink from my canteen. When I opened a tin of meat the major succumbed to the temptation. He took off his mask and the two of us enjoyed life. Another officer decided to follow suit, but as soon as he took off his mask he felt dizzy. He hurriedly inserted the tube into the oxygen pipe and resumed his former position. People react differently to thin air.

Our plane climbed high into the fleecy clouds. Being fortunate enough to be seated by a window, I had a good view on the whole trip. The river below us wound its way in and out among the mountain ranges—it was the most winding river I have ever seen. We crossed and re-crossed a surfaced road. This was the Ledo Road on which the U. S. Army and our American engineers had

hacked through some of the world's worst terrain. We were told that the Ledo Road was an engineering feat greater than either the Panama Canal or the Alaskan highway. Its completion will mean increased supplies for China's battered but gallant armies.

At times we flew so high we could not see the green, dense jungles. We floated for hundreds of miles on oceans of fleecy, lacy clouds. The cloud formations resembled floating citadels vying with one another for supremacy.

Then the formations of fleecy whiteness changed to blue, gray, and then black. A storm was brewing. We were ordered to fasten our oxygen masks securely as the pilot had decided to fly above the storm. How wonderful man's invention! We flew over the storm. Would that we all had wings to fly over the storms of life.

I marvelled at the size of our cabin, which was sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Jeeps, weapons, carriers, trucks, gasoline, ammunition, food, and almost everything imaginable were transported over the "Hump" by these huge silver birds of the American Transport Command. We floated over vast oceans of clouds and at times it looked as if we were sailing through sheets of sea foam or soapsuds. These cloud formations were indeed exquisitely beautiful.

One of the pilots came into the cabin from the crew's compartment, stretched his hands over his head, yawned, and said, "Shucks, Mount Everest is not the highest mountain in the world. We have flown over mountains more than 30,000 feet high and some day our discoveries will be verified." Many pilots have lost their lives in the Himalayan mountains, many planes have been wrecked, but in spite of these difficulties, in spite of enemy action and monsoon storms, our pilots continue to brave all obstacles in order to bring in supplies to our Chinese allies. Sometimes in winter the snow puts three inches of ice on the windshields, and the mountains bend the radio

beam miles off the course, compelling the pilots to correct navigation drifts many degrees. Yet our boys carry on, over the most hazardous air route in the world. Forced landings are common and the Japanese have offered the Burmese 300 rupees for every American head. Some of the pilots make three trips a day over the "Hump." Rescue planes are on a twenty-four hour schedule. They drop supplies and even doctors, if necessary, to those who are forced down over Burma.

Our mechanical bird roared through the skies, dwarfing all the fowls of the air. The trip was comfortable and uneventful. In one day we flew over the India-Burma-China front. We could see the winding Burma Road. We could see, also, the old Kunming railroad, which connected China with Ho Keo, India. We flew so high that the railroad tracks looked like two parallel silk threads. Soon the green jungles turned into the bronze soil of the Yunnan plateau. Smooth T'ien Chih lake nestled snugly in the lap of the Kunming mountains.

The plane dropped to a low altitude. The Kunming clouds were pure blue. I had a glimpse of a Chinese temple standing proudly on the side of a wooded forest, and my heart leaped with joy. This was good old China. We had left Assam, India, at 1:05 p. m., April 28, 1944, and at 4:00 p. m. sharp, we landed at the Kunming airport.

C H A P T E R F O U R T E E N

“Uncle Joe’s Chariot”

THE cool, crisp air of the Kunming plateau was a pleasant change from the hot, sultry weather of Assam. The crew on our plane opened the transport door while the ground crew shoved up a ladder to the entrance. One by one we filed out of the belly of the transport. The Chinese ground crew, in padded garments, welcomed us with smiles. I was so glad to see Chinese faces again that I was almost tempted to embrace the first man I saw. One of the men said, “Ting hao,” meaning “Very good,” and held up his thumb. Later I learned that Chinese in Kunming and Chungking use this form of greeting when meeting Americans. The school children do it so consistently that I am sure it must be part of their daily discipline in the classroom. Not a bad idea, after all. If “all within the four seas are brothers,” as Confucius said, it would be truly “Ting hao” and there would be little cause for wars among men.

We were told to go over to the officers’ mess for lunch. I grabbed my typewriter but the walk soon developed

into a hike. An officer, taking pity on me, helped me carry the machine. My experience in India (losing the typewriter) had not yet worn off, so I felt more at ease when the little beast was at my side where I could keep my eye on it.

At the officers' mess we stood in line and awaited our turn. Our first meal in Kunming consisted of scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee. I do not know when I have enjoyed scrambled eggs more than that afternoon at the Kunming airport. There are plenty of eggs in Kunming.

After lunch we were escorted to the billeting office, where we found our baggage piled on the veranda. I was assigned to barrack "D," which was the closest to the billeting office. The house was built in Chinese style, with whitewashed mud walls and tiled roof. Inside we found double-decker beds and a few pieces of furniture. The electric lights were too faint for any use whatsoever. There was hardly enough current to light up the filament in the bulb. Most of the boys used candles. At a nearby store I had to pay \$80.00 (Chinese currency) for a candle. That was the regular price. A tiny package of salted peanuts cost \$120.00. When the storekeeper charged me \$5.00 for a single piece of candy, I decided to return to my barracks before I was stripped of all my money. The inflation in China is something a newcomer will not understand, but it will not take long to impress it upon him. Prices are fantastic, beyond the wildest imagination of even an American spendthrift.

Most of the boys in my barrack belonged to the U. S. 14th Air Force. They seemed to have very little respect for the Japanese as fighter pilots and gloried in their own exploits. The pilot in the bunk next to mine was friendly. "Well, I guess I'll knock off. Got a bombing mission tomorrow. You know this bombing is getting monotonous—there is no Jap resistance. We fly all over the South Pacific and don't see a Jap plane. Guess those

boys don't dare to stick their necks out too far. Well, good night!"

The American boys said good night and silence like a blanket spread over the room. They were thinking of the next day's mission and wondering if they would return. I thought of those brave pilots of the U. S. 14th Air Force and could not but whisper a prayer to God to bless America and our brave boys overseas.

I don't remember how the sun came up the next morning, but I do remember that the boys came out of their bunks "like thunder." The commotion was terrific and I began to realize that, after all, we were in a war. There is grim work to be done daily by our fighting forces and thrice shame on those Americans who criticize our war effort, but who themselves do not even lift a finger to hasten the day of victory when our boys can return home to their loved ones.

The Chinese boy who cleaned our room was a young man from Hankow, China, who spoke Mandarin fluently. We spent hours talking to each other, and I was glad to get a chance to brush up on my Chinese. The boy had fled from Hankow six years before and had not had a word from his relatives since he left. Such is the lot of many young Chinese in this country. The world will never know the sorrow and pain and hardship which the Chinese have suffered who have fled from their homes to Free China.

Kunming is the main air terminus of China and the taking-off place for all planes bound for India. The airport hummed with activity, and if "seeing is believing," I must say it is one of the world's busiest airports.

Kunming is a sprawling city of about five hundred thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the side of a hill and before the war it was evidently a beautiful city. It has now been bombed so much that many of the buildings, especially in the business section, have suffered

considerably. However, the indomitable Chinese have, with their bare hands, built a new city, or at least many new streets and buildings. Kunming is surrounded by a city wall somewhat like that of the city of Kaifeng, Honan. The city itself is about three miles from the airport, with no regular means of transportation except the ricksha or the Kunming variety of horse carriage. The prices on both were so exorbitant that I was not tempted to use either. The carriage is a clumsy cart built on a crude automobile axis with truck tires. It did not appeal to me. I preferred to hitch-hike and take "pot luck" on getting a ride on a jeep, a method I found both fast and economical.

One day a Chinese lieutenant invited two officers and me to a Chinese feast. We had scarcely arrived in town when we found two Chinese following us and asking, "Change money American dollars? O.K.?" The men followed us until we finally decided to buy some Chinese dollars. The official rate at the banks was twenty Chinese dollars to one American, but on the black market people sometimes got two hundred. Unfortunately, only the United States soldiers are paid in ready cash, so the rest of us unfortunate Americans are the victims of the worst inflation which has ever afflicted China.

The stores seemed to have every variety of commodities. If you had the wherewithal you could buy almost anything. A small alarm clock cost \$11,500, a wrist watch, \$95,000; a second-hand bicycle, \$85,000; a new one, \$200,000; and a second-hand radio, \$100,000.

The Chinese advance two reasons for the rocketing prices. The first and main reason is, of course, that China is blockaded and there is no flow of commodities either as imports or exports. Consequently, since they cannot replace these commodities, the merchants can set their own prices. Another reason advanced, which I thought was plausible, is that the currency is fast losing

its value and the merchants would rather have their goods in kind than the money and hence are not anxious to sell. If the currency should collapse they would still have some goods, which would be worth something. There are, of course, many other technical causes advanced for the depreciating Chinese dollar, and one of them is that the government has no control over the price index. The Chinese people are quick to sense any weakness in the government, and the fact of the matter is that this lack of confidence in China's monetary system has been and still is a strong factor in the drop of the purchasing power of the Chinese dollar.

The Chinese lieutenant warned us of pickpockets and we all guarded our pockets. When we arrived at the restaurant the lieutenant noticed that someone had stolen his sword from its sheath. He was quite indignant, but he soon forgot his loss when the steaming food came on the table. It was the first Chinese meal the two American officers had ever eaten, and if their appetites were any criterion of the food, then we can pronounce it wonderful, and it was just that. The officers had an interesting time trying to use chopsticks but finally gave it up as the lieutenant and I were getting away with most of the food. It was a simple meal of two plates of meat, the one chicken and the other sweet pork. We finished both dishes. Then we had a serving of bamboo sprouts and a bowl of soup. Fluffy white rice was dished out to us as fast as we ate it. When the whole meal was over the boy came around with steaming white towels for us with which to wipe our faces and hands. The American officers hesitated at first, but when they saw us wipe the perspiration from our brows, they followed suit. I really think this is one Chinese custom we could adopt. How convenient on a dusty summer day to have a hot towel to wipe the dust from one's hands. If properly sterilized, these

towels can be a sanitary precaution. The price of the feast remained a mystery to us until in the afternoon when we decided to have some tea and cakes, the cost of which was in the neighborhood of \$400. The feast, then, must have been a good deal over \$1,000 for the four of us. We felt sorry for the Chinese lieutenant who had been so generous with his money.

There were not many new sights in Kunming for those who had been in China before, but the American officers seemed to take pictures on every street corner. We visited the American Embassy and passed the campus of the Nan Kai, Ching Hwa, and Pei Ta universities. There were few curios to buy. The embroidery of U. S. Army insignia seemed to be a thriving business, and many of the boys had emblems made to order.

Back at the barracks life began to become monotonous again. I went to the Air Transport Command twice daily to inquire about passage to Chungking but was told that I would just have to await my turn. To make matters worse, I contracted "Yangtze Rapids," the first disease to afflict most newcomers to China. If you are not familiar with this medical term, we suggest that you consult your family physician or preferably an army doctor. I felt quite miserable and not a little discouraged.

Early on May 2 a messenger came to the barracks: "Calling Dr. Nelson. Plane leaving for Chungking at 11:00." My ailment seemed to leave me. I asked the room boy to help me pack my belongings. We then carried these out to the airport ourselves. I inquired about transportation but all the jeeps were in use. It was almost 11:00 o'clock so in desperation I stopped an American truck loaded to capacity with furniture. I pleaded my cause and they piled my baggage on top of the already high load and away we bumped over the pebbled terrain of the Kunming airport. As I had no information regarding the type of plane or its number, it

was difficult to find the right one. At General Chennault's office we were told that they knew nothing about any plane leaving. The truck driver drove me back to the office of the Air Transport Command, but they knew of no plane either. We even tried the C.N.A.C. and they knew nothing about a plane leaving at 11:00 o'clock. Then almost by accident we ran into Major X—— and his jeep. He pointed to a waiting plane and said, "You see that plane down there all painted up? Well, that's Uncle Joe's private plane and I have booked you for this trip." We tumbled ourselves and our baggage into the jeep and arrived at the designated spot in a few minutes. I was thrilled to read the lettering at the head of the engine in large red design: "*Uncle Joe's Chariot.*" The ferocious head and teeth of a tiger—the insignia of the "Flying Tigers"—also decorated the plane. I was quite captivated. As it happened, the plane was not leaving for another hour so the only other foreigner there, a member of the F.E.A. (Foreign Economic Administration), and I went over to the officers' mess for a snack before the plane took off.

Back at "Uncle Joe's Chariot," I found the passengers were getting on the plane. Besides the man from the F.E.A., there was another American, who was associated with the O.W.I. (Office of War Information). The seats were leather-covered. There was a couch at the front of the plane. Every seat was taken. The man from the O.W.I. soon fell fast asleep. The F.E.A. gentleman decided to recline on the couch and do some reading. The Chinese general in front of me was completely absorbed, with his face buried in a *Time Magazine*.

"Uncle Joe's Chariot" took off the field with the ease of an eagle. We picked up altitude rapidly and were soon boring our way up into the clouds of West China. One of the crew, in making his rounds, noticed that I

was not feeling too well. When I explained that I was a victim of "Yangtze Rapids," he disappeared, only to come back with an Army "K" ration. I was much touched by his kindness but could not eat much of the Army biscuits and meat. I was glad to find a stick of gum in the ration, little knowing that one stick of gum in Chung-king would cost \$100 Chinese money.

I was surprised to find that the Yangtze River was so large such a great distance from the sea. The mighty river curled its way through the Ta Liang mountains like a dragon.

The farmhouses in West China were tile-roofed instead of straw-roofed as in Central and North China. The rice fields of Yunnan and Szechuan were the most picturesque I have ever seen. I could not understand at first why the rice fields were semi-circular in formation, but it did not take me long to learn that we were flying over mountains in some places as high as the Himalayas, and that these rice paddies were located in mountainous terrain. The rice fields, almost without exception, were in graduated formations, from large semi-circular paddies at the bottom to the highest small semi-circular fields. We flew over some of the most elaborate farmhouse layouts that I have seen anywhere. I think it is safe to say that the Szechuanese on the whole live on a comparatively high economic level. This is partially due to the climate, which is conducive to the producing of all varieties of agricultural products. There are also comparatively few famines in Szechuan. The economic standard of the Szechuanese is certainly above that of North China, Northwest China, and certain parts of Central China. The fertile Yangtze river basin and the southeastern provinces are generally considered the most fruitful portions of China.

When "Uncle Joe's Chariot" began circling around for

a landing place in the Chungking mountains, I was frankly worried. I could not see how there could be a flat spot large enough to effect a landing. But we managed to land safe and sound on a narrow strip of ground near the river. There was not much room to spare. We were told that this was "Uncle Joe's" special landing field. Sometimes during the spring rains the field is inundated. The C.N.A.C. planes land on an island in the Yangtze River. Being ushered to a waiting station wagon, we waved goodby to "Uncle Joe's Chariot."

First Impressions of Chungking

THE station wagon took us for a long ride to the city of Chungking. The roads were so precipitous that I clung to my seat as we made the hairpin turns. All along the road we saw entrances to the air raid shelters of Chungking, which by this time have gained world fame. It is comparatively easy to excavate shelters in the side of the mountains because of the soft rock formations of the Chungking area. When I saw all these caves I was reminded of those in northwest China, where the natives live in the caves in the loess formations. They tell us that near Chungking a whole government factory is now functioning underground in one of these enormous caves.

The majority of the present inhabitants of Chungking have migrated here from other provinces occupied by the Japanese. The population of the city is now in the neighborhood of one million people. I was informed that the majority of the present buildings have been rebuilt from the ruins of many bombings. New streets have been

planned. The Chinese have done a remarkable job of building a new city on the ruins of the old.

After a thirty-minute ride we arrived at the U. S. Army Headquarters. The Army had now delivered me to my destination. An officer kindly offered me a jeep ride to the hostel of the Allied Nations. This is a new hostel recently built for the benefit of Allied Forces in China. It is modern, with shower baths, and Chinese and foreign restaurants.

The city of Chungking is built on a V-shaped rocky terrain formed by the junction of the Yangtze and Chia Ling rivers. The streets are steep and transportation is a real problem. The rickshas which are available are the left-overs from the exodus from occupied China. Parts for repairing rickshas are extremely hard to secure. Even at that, a ricksha coolie is today one of the best paid men in Chungking. Most of the people in Chungking walk. This wears out socks which cost at least \$250 a pair and shoes which cost \$2,000 and more a pair.

The bus service of Chungking is nothing short of miraculous. There are two bus services. The one is called "express"; the other, "ordinary." The express bus costs \$25 (Chinese currency), but the ordinary costs only \$15. Those who can afford it of course ride the express. Those who have less ride the ordinary. Those who have the least walk. In order to get on a bus you wait in a queue at the station. Sometimes the queue is over a block long. You may have to wait half an hour to get on a bus. When the bus does come there are so many people already on it that one has to fight to get on. The conductors do all they can to limit the number of passengers to about seventy-five, but I have often counted more than that number on a two-ton converted truck. The conductor says, "Wang hou tso," meaning "Find a seat in the rear." However, if you can find standing room you are fortu-

nate. The thing which bothers some of us foreigners is that these buses were not made for the white man. Tall men have to stand with bowed heads, but I admit it is good for our pride. The ordinary bus usually takes about half an hour from one end of town to the other. The express makes the trip much faster but the hazards are also greater. Once you arrive at your destination, your chest expands with pride, for it is no small accomplishment to have survived the trip. Someone has said that there is no such word as "luxury" in the Chungking vocabulary. Certainly there is no luxury on a bus. Shock-absorbers, cushions, and window-panes are all a thing of the past. The fenders rattle, the engine snorts, the water spouts sky-high from the radiator, and the driver clings frantically to the steering wheel.

Yet, in spite of all these adverse criticisms, I take off my hat to the Chungking bus service. Truly it is one of the bright spots in an otherwise discouraging transportation system. Long live the Chungking buses and may they persevere until new ones come in over the Ledo road!

There are ferries which ply from Chungking City across the Yangtze river to the South Bank, and across the Chia Ling river to the North Bank. In order to get to the ferries one has to walk down a steep bank. The elite may take a sedan chair which two coolies swing to their shoulders. Or, if you prefer, you may ride a small donkey. Hundreds of people use these methods of transportation daily.

The cost of a ferry ride is \$5.00 or \$7.00, depending upon whether you want to ride on the stem or stern of the boat. The ride takes ten minutes, during which time a soapbox orator comes forth to advertise his products. Most of these orators are students who sell magazines and "rake off" a commission. Others sell medicines. The Chinese seem to be adopting American high-powered salesmanship methods. The salesman usual-

ly ends his oration by saying, "I have only a few copies left, and in a few seconds we reach shore. If you want one, you had better hurry."

The Chungking launches are all supplied with life savers. This is fortunate as the current of the Yangtze river is very swift. One day we saw a head bobbing up and down on the Chia Ling river. If it had not been for a handy sampan, this particular student would have lost his life.

Air Shelters and Suburbs

MENTION has already been made of the air raid shelters of Chungking, which are reputed to be the best in the world. This is not only because of the soft rock formations which are easy to excavate but also because of the peculiar caves and subterranean passages common in this vicinity. The other day we had occasion to visit one of these caves on the South Bank. After going down a few hundred feet in an almost perpendicular fashion we came to the bottom of the cave. Narrow passages led into an opening which was large enough for an auditorium. Since this cave was adapted for an air raid shelter there were benches and seating capacity for two thousand people. It was amazing to find such mammoth caves deep under ground. Once we walked for many blocks in a narrow aisle and then came suddenly to a big cave which must have been a quarter of a mile in length. The roof was dripping with water and hanging rock formations in the form of icicles. Some of these odd formations had been removed to serve as ornaments in

the grottoes of nearby family gardens. There was no light of any kind in the cave so two men with torches escorted us. If the torches had been extinguished, we could easily have been lost in the many dark passageways. It is to such caves Chungkingites resort during air raids.

The scenery in Chungking itself is not very exciting. The bombings of the past years have reduced almost everything to ruins. Some private dwellings have been spared but they are few. Parks are scarce. The city of Chungking is sprawled over a territory which the Chinese liken to a turtle. A fine view of the city can be had from the South Bank, the highest elevation of which is eighteen hundred feet above the Yangtze and Chia Ling rivers. There one can find many summer homes and the private dwellings of city people. These homes were built after the city of Chungking had been reduced to ruins by bombings. Located in the pine forests, they are a contrast to the drab, shabby, mechanical architecture of wartime Chungking.

A most entrancing sight is the view of the city of Chungking at night from the South Bank. Even on a hot summer evening there is a tender breeze rustling through the pine trees. Down below one can see the rushing Yangtze river. Ferries ply back and forth in the dark night. Across the Yangtze, the lazy turtle-shaped city of Chungking is aglow with a million flickering electric lights. Over to the right in the middle of the river lies the municipal island airport of Chungking. When the water rises this field often has to be abandoned for another one.

Because there is plenty of rain and moisture in Chungking, there is much vegetation and foliage. There are comparatively few forests, because trees are being cut down for firewood without being replaced. The government has made some progress in reforestation in recent

years, but most of these efforts have been sporadic, and major efforts will have to wait until after the war when the real programs of reconstruction can be initiated and carried to fruition.

The suburbs of Chungking are a recent development and have come as a direct result of the war. The bombings have forced many of the inhabitants to move to country places, resulting in the establishing of many model villages in the vicinity of Chungking. Many business people even now live in the city during working hours but take the bus home for the night or for weekends. One of the most up-to-date of the new suburbs of Chungking is a place called Pei Pei. It is a little city with one university, one Buddhist seminary headed by the famous T'ai Hsu, a number of middle schools, some excellent hotels, and it even boasts a zoological garden. Our trip to this model city was most interesting, especially since we met and dined with General Feng Yu Hsiang there.

We waited half an hour for a bus for Pei Pei. There were seats for not more than twenty, but there must have been at least fifty crammed and jammed into the bus. There was hardly standing space. Some of the passengers hung their heads out of the window as the jolting of the bus over the irregular terrain made them sick. After a few hours' ride we transferred to a postal truck. A Chinese postal truck is just an ordinary American $2\frac{1}{2}$ -ton truck piled high with mail bags. If you have a "pull" with the authorities they may let you ride on top of the mail bags. About forty of us managed to get "pulls" and so we scrambled on top of the pile of mail sacks and perched there like a flock of crows, hanging on for dear life as the truck took the corners on two wheels. After considerable conditioning we arrived at Pei Pei. My errand was to call on Reverend Chu Hao-jan, a Lutheran pastor. To my surprise I met General Feng Yu Hsiang

at the same hotel. When he found out who I was he invited me to dinner. This invitation I gladly accepted.

General Feng is a tall Northern Chinese, large in stature and in mind. He dresses in plain Chinese clothes and wears no insignia. He had ordered noodles for dinner. The waiter brought in two dishes of meat, at which the General was disgusted. Said he, "How can we sit and eat meat and let the saliva flow inside our mouths while our soldiers are bleeding and dying at the front for us. Take the meat away! We can't eat meat! Come on, friends, let's have some noodles." His brisk manner and philosophy struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of us all.

Licking off his chopsticks, the General turned to me and said, "So you are the son of my old friend, Daniel Nelson, of Honan. Well, well, that is fine. We need more men like your father. He was a great man and unselfish."

I discovered that Feng Yu Hsiang had a wide grasp of world affairs. We discussed communism, fascism, and democracy. I asked the General what he thought of America and he said, "We all like the Americans. They are a chosen people in many ways. We must have more help from them in winning this war. We wonder why it is taking so long. It looks as if America has her hand caught between the two stones of a mill and cannot get loose" (referring to our obligations to England and Russia). I tried to explain to him the long lines of communication and said that after my recent experiences travelling on an Army transport from America, I not only do not criticize the United States, but I cannot understand how America has done so much in so short a time. The General nodded.

In the afternoon the General went for a bath to the hot springs and invited us to ride with him, but we had other business. At the same meal sat Chiang Chih Chiang, one of China's most famous leaders, especially known in

Christian circles for his enthusiasm in printing the Bible and distributing thousands to his fellow countrymen. When General Feng came back from his swim the four of us had our picture taken on the hotel lawn. When I reminded the General that I used to ride horseback with his soldiers at Sinyang, Honan, he beamed and laughingly said, "Well, then you must also have breakfast with me in the morning." I tried to tell him that I was leaving early, but he insisted. At 6:30 one of his guards came to call me. Again we had simple noodles and Chinese buns. When I was ready to leave, General Feng sent one of his men down to the launch, and through his influence I was given the Captain's cabin. I appreciated this exceedingly as I was tired and slept for some two hours. When I awoke I noticed that we were passing through some of the narrowest gorges and finest scenery I have ever seen. The Chia Ling river wound its way through the high mountains. The coal mines along the mountainside interested me. Barges loaded with coal cluttered the docks. Some of these heavy barges going up river were manned entirely by human power, and as I looked at those rowers, pulling at the oars and chanting their tunes, I was reminded of the "galley slaves" of old. Man-power is still the chief source of much of China's energy.

As already stated, Chungking is built on jagged mountain terrain. Shops, banks, and residences cling to the steep banks of the city streets. Some buildings are propped up on poles fifty or more feet high. Many restaurants and hotels are entirely supported by poles propped by large stones. Most of the houses are built not of brick but of bamboo strips which are plastered over with mud and then whitewashed. From the outside these houses may look quite rugged but one kick will put your boot through a wall. Recent wind storms blew down a score of houses and over thirty people were killed. But prices

are so high that it is almost impossible to build brick homes. Then too, since Chungking is considered merely a wartime capital, the boom will not last, and temporary residents refuse to put too much money into Chungking houses. Two years ago the city was laid flat by Japanese bombings and there was no incentive to build better dwellings. Chungking, thanks to the U. S. 14th Air Force and the Chinese Air Force, has not been bombed for over two years. Business people are becoming more confident, and today there is a mad rush to build banks, hotels, and residences which are all rented out even before they are completed. The usual rental price for one room is \$3,000 per month. It costs in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 to construct an ordinary eight-room dwelling.

Inflation in Chungking continues to be one of the major problems for both Chinese and foreign residents. It is especially hard for the foreigner. Wages in Chungking have been proportionate to the rise in prices, whereas foreign income has remained fairly steady in spite of the price rises. The announcement was made in 1943 that the Chinese Government would match every United States dollar for China Relief with an equivalent sum. The Chinese Government increased the official rate of 20-1 to 40-1. In other words, for one U. S. dollar you would get forty Chinese dollars. To one who has visited Chungking and is acquainted with the facts of the situation, this pronouncement on the part of the Chinese Government was merely a gesture. The dealings of the Chinese, including government officials, with the black market continue unabated, and one U. S. dollar often sells for two hundred Chinese dollars or more. Although relief money sent to China received an official rate of 40-1, black market activities made it possible for dishonest men to pocket the extra returns and deprive the Chinese people of a large amount of aid to which they

were entitled from American Relief funds. This is not intended as a criticism of the Chinese Government, which evidently is not in a position to control the inflation.

The missionaries, and especially those of the so-called "orphaned" missions, have suffered much from inflation. Cut off from support from continental Europe, and with no income except that which trickles in from America, these people, who have given a lifetime of service to China, have had to sell their belongings and personal effects in order to make ends meet. Some families have even gone so far as to sell the cows and goats which supplied their children with milk. When one thinks of their self-sacrificing spirit, the day and night activities of the Chungking money-mongers do not make sense. A recent agreement with the Chinese Government promises an increased exchange rate of 100-1 for relief purposes. This will greatly benefit the missionary and relief agencies.

Perhaps a few price quotations from Chungking itself may help us understand the situation. A ricksha coolie in Chungking today earns more money in one day than a missionary used to receive in salary for three months. It is hard for an American to realize to what dizzy heights inflation has risen. A mothball costs \$10; a bus ride, \$25; a glass of milk, \$40; a dish of ice cream, \$80; a stick of gum, \$100; an ordinary meal, \$300; a bicycle, \$200,000; and a piano, \$500,000. Even the price of a house cat has gone up from \$100 to \$3,000. These prices are as of August, 1944.

C H A P T E R S E V E N T E E N

Travel Hazards

I HAD planned for some time to make a trip to Kunming in connection with my work and in the interests of the Orphaned Missions. Since I had been offered a ride with a convoy to Kunming, this seemed the logical time to go.

The alarm clock which I had purchased from a missionary rang and rang. It was pitch-dark as I tried to find my way out from under the mosquito net. After all, it was only five o'clock on the morning of August 19.

A friend in the American Red Cross had invited me to their mess for breakfast at 5:30. I still had to dress, shave, and pack. With the assistance of a friend and our house boy, I was ready on time.

After a delicious breakfast which included flapjacks, syrup, American coffee, and even butter for our toast, the table boy filled our canteens with ice-water, and we hurried to the waiting car. The automobile gracefully and leisurely skimmed over the pebbled streets and in a few minutes we were at the headquarters of the convoy.

As usual, the convoy did not start on time. There was much baggage to load and many large pieces of freight. In the meantime we got acquainted with the other passengers. They represented America, France, Britain, Canada, and China. I met a former missionary from Honan. Transportation to and from Chungking is almost entirely limited to military missions and postal trucks.

In due season the trucks were ready and we were asked to find seats where we could. Five of us scrambled for the nearest truck and climbed on top of a conglomeration of bags, boxes, tins, and Diesel engines. A Chinese school girl perched on top of a bag of grain. A Red Cross director, of magnificent physique, occupied the middle of the truck. A Canadian captain balanced himself on the end of the truck and clung to the top of the canvas lest he fall off. A French attaché officer installed himself snugly on a bundle of bedding while his frightened cocker spaniel buried her nose under his legs. I was the last member of our group and tried to make myself comfortable on top of a Diesel engine. However, every bump seemed to register, so I decided to seat myself on the cylindrical gas tank. This was more comfortable.

Our trip through the streets of Chungking portrayed the usual "flirting-with-death" tactics of the Chinese chauffeurs. We seemed to be going sixty miles an hour. Corners were taken on two wheels, which groaned as the center of gravity shifted and flattened the tires. The feeble horn of the truck sounded its weak alarm. These Chinese drivers are amazing and they say they "know their own people."

We had a long wait at the ferry, where we crossed the Yangtze river. Rows or groups of men were bending forward on ropes pulling their junks up river. The ropes were fastened to the top of the masts which served as a lever when the men on shore fell with their weight against the ropes over their shoulders. In each group

there was a chant leader. He would chant some tune and then the whole group would sing-song after him, as their bodies swayed rhythmically in unison. It was an interesting study in body co-ordination to see these nut-brown coolies bending every muscle against the current. China's man-power is still one of her greatest assets. Here was a nation of workers toiling for the right to live. They were living the hard way but they looked healthy. Their dress consisted of small loin cloths suspended over the belly by cords. Their nakedness was no shame.

The launch which tugged the ferry across the river finally arrived. The trucks bumped over the planks and splashed their way up onto the ferry, which held only two trucks at one time. The steam launch chugged its way across the swiftly moving waters of the Yangtze. I was interested to know what generated the power for the engines. Several gas reservoirs supplied natural gas for combustion. I was told that this was natural gas from the mountains near Chungking and thus was very economical.

After crossing the river we rumbled along for about an hour. Then our driver stopped at a restaurant to wait for the rest of the convoy. The captain checked his passenger list and assigned the seats still available in the front of the trucks with the drivers. One from our group was given a chance to have such a seat. I had not yet climbed on the truck, so my group, in spite of my protests, asked me to ride with the driver at least for a while and then someone else would take my place.

The driver of our truck, especially when he discovered that I understood Chinese, was a talkative chap. He discussed both war and politics. The road through the mountains was very precipitous and I thought extremely dangerous. There were no guard rails as in the United States, and I could see there was nothing to stop a truck from dropping to the bottom of the cliff if something

went wrong. The scenery was as beautiful as had been described to me. The various hairpin turns produced chills up and down my back but I comforted myself with the thought that I would soon get used to it.

When we went downhill the driver put the clutch in neutral and we would coast along, swinging madly around corners and missing other trucks which we met by the fraction of an inch. I marveled at our driver's dexterity and wondered if he was crazy or just a genius in his own field. Suddenly we were headed into another truck whose driver was evidently of the same variety as ours. Both drivers effected marvelous near-hits and I was thankful that we had missed a collision when, to my surprise, I saw that our truck was continuing its mad pace—off the road. We dashed over a pile of rocks on the inside of the road and I thought the worst that could happen would be that we run into the mountain. But, quick as a flash, our driver swung the car at right angles directly across the road to the opposite side and headed right for the steep precipice. The truck leaped off the road in a mighty ski jump and I held my breath as we sailed through the air and the car lunged into the lap of death. After the sixty-foot drop everything went black.

When I woke up the truck had rolled over on its side. The driver was squeezed securely behind his broken wheel and groaned as if he was dying. I looked up and was surprised to see the door of the truck directly above my head. My leg had gone through the windshield but my body had been thrown back again into the cab. At the time I was so dazed I did not notice my wounds. I was so glad to be alive that I started to climb out of the truck. After a little manipulation I got the truck door open and climbed out. I must have jumped from there to the ground. Anyway, I found my way up the embankment to the road and hailed the rest of our convoy.

Fortunately, there was a Chinese nurse in the convoy.

I had met her just before we started the trip. I wanted to go down and find the three Chinese who were on the wrecked truck. The nurse pointed to my right leg, which I had not really noticed. The crash had made five big cuts to the bone, one below the knee, one on the knee, one above the knee, and two on the inside of the leg. My wounds were bleeding profusely so the nurse made me lie down on the mud floor of an inn. One of the members of the party fortunately had with him a package of powdered sulfa drugs. When the black-eyed nurse started pouring this white power into my wounds, I asked her if she knew what she was doing. "Why, of course. I am a nurse," she said reassuringly in English. That gave me confidence. As I was losing quite a bit of blood, they boiled hot tea for me and poured it down my throat. One of the foreigners donated his underwear for bandages. In a short time my leg was bandaged from ankle to thigh. They thought perhaps my thigh was broken so they used a long splint reaching from my ankle to my hip. That right leg did not feel very comfortable. On my head there were two bumps the size of two walnuts. My face had about six scratches, all near my right eye. I had brushed the panel of the car with my forehead, which left a yellow streak one by three inches on my brow. A piece of glass had cut the bridge of my nose. My left leg had a number of bruises and my right arm two or three. The nurse gave me some aspirin to dull the pain.

Transportation back to the city was a problem. After an hour's delay, a Chinese truck driver volunteered to take me back to Chungking in his truck, which was already partly filled with oil tins and what looked like ammunition cases. They put me on a stretcher and lifted me into the back end of the truck. The ride back to town seemed to last an eternity. Every bump in the road made my leg feel as if it was going to drop off. At one place

our driver and the driver of another truck both insisted on going through a narrow passage at the same time. Chinese drivers have little road sense and feel it is a loss of face to let the other fellow pass first. So both headed for the same opening simultaneously. I was too weary and tired to worry about the outcome, especially since we were on the inside of the hill. To make an exciting story short, our truck scraped into the rocks on our side of the road and bent the fender and chassis at least two feet but the driver didn't even slow up.

We arrived on the river front at twelve o'clock noon. There I lay in the truck until five o'clock in the afternoon. The delay was caused by inefficiency and since I was too crippled to move, there was little I could do. Finally, about five o'clock the captain came back and arranged for two men to carry me to the Canadian Mission Hospital, which was only about five miles away. They lifted me into a swinging chair hoisted between two poles. I could not bend my leg so I put it on the shoulder of the man in front of me. The posture was not good but there was little that I could do to improve my position. I was greatly encouraged to know that we were on our way to a hospital. I insisted on four men to carry me so that when two were tired the other two could change off with them.

Every step of the carriers registered in my leg. When they carried me down an incline the rush of blood into my wounds was almost too painful to bear. When they climbed an incline it felt like heaven. I had always wanted to ride in one of these swinging chairs but had never felt I could afford it. Now my wish was being fulfilled, but in what a way! The sun was setting and the scenery along the steep banks of the Yangtze was truly beautiful.

My clothes were drenched with blood—my socks and shoes were crimson. I must have looked terrible. I passed some Chinese who said, "Look, a foreigner, a foreigner!"

He has broken his leg. Too bad, too bad. He is so old, too." I surely did feel a hundred years old and apparently looked it.

My Chinese guide led us to the hospital. We arrived there about dusk. I had with me a note for Doctor A. He came immediately. They carried me first to the X-ray room. I held my breath as they used the fluoroscope to examine my bones. I sighed with relief when I was told that none of them were broken.

I was given a first-class room on the second floor of the hospital. Soon a flock of black-eyed nurses were running around me. One gave me tetanus shots, another administered morphine. I got more attention than a newborn babe.

Doctor A looked at my wounds and said, "I will be over after supper and put in a few stitches." It sounded very simple and I expected to be out of the hospital in a couple of days. The doctor did not come back for some time. Two nurses wheeled me to the operating room and put me on the table. A third nurse clamped an ether mask over my nose. She told me to inhale. I obeyed dutifully. It seemed to take a long time and lots of ether to put me under.

When I awoke I was back in my room with my leg hoisted up on a number of pillows. I was terribly thirsty, but the nurse refused to give me water. I had no bad effects from the ether. The pain in my leg bothered me some for a few days but otherwise I had nothing to complain about. The nurses waited on me hand and foot. My dressings were changed daily. The schedule called for a sponge bath in the morning and a back rub at night. I had never received so much attention. The doctor insisted that I was making marvelous progress. He said that one flesh wound had just missed an artery and a nerve and that I was an exceedingly lucky man. I have never appreciated my legs so much as after this accident.

I was out of the hospital in a few weeks, and hobbling about happy as a bird just out of its mother's nest.

Travel in China surely is hazardous. The Chinese have a proverb: "Tsai chia ch'ien erh hao, ch'u men in shih nan." (To stay at home for a thousand days is fine but to go on a day's journey once is difficult.) In my case, I am afraid I shall have to say that I agree. It is better to stay at home a thousand days than to make one day's journey in China.

The War-time Capital

CHUNGKING is China's war-time capital. During China's long history her capital has been moved from place to place. Sian, Loyang, Kaifeng, Peking, Nan-king, Hankow, and Chungking have all had their day, as well as many other lesser cities. But as far as we know, never have the Chinese had to move their government to another country to operate in "exile." The main reason for this is, of course, that China is so vast a geographical entity that when pressed by her enemies she moves farther into her hinterland. If the Japanese should eventually reach Chungking, which is in the realm of the possible but not very probable, the Chinese would simply pack up and move farther away.

With the anticipated fall of Hankow in 1938, the Chinese Government began to make plans to move the capital, as well as much of her industrial equipment, to Chungking. Before the occupation of Hankow, two million Chinese went on a trek. All trucks, carriages, motor cars, wheelbarrows, and rickshas were pressed into serv-

ice or commandeered by the military. Thousands of river junks and steamers were used as freighters. The Chinese transferred from Hankow everything which they could possibly move in the line of heavy and light industries. All the metal they could scrape together was also hauled away. I was in Hankow during those fateful days of panic and evacuation. I have never seen so many people on the move. Thousands were carrying their children and belongings on their backs, rushing to the river front to get on the boats. A number of junks were so heavily loaded that they sank in the swift current of the Yangtze river. When some of the steamers were crowded so that there was no more standing space, men climbed up the sides of the ships and clung to the railings. Coolies were given any price they asked and sat counting their rolls of paper bills while their countrymen dashed madly about seeking transportation out of town. The poor coolies were too excited over their sudden riches to be bothered about who should rule them tomorrow. Mothers went insane hunting for their lost ones. Japanese bombers, like huge dragon flies, hovered over the crowded boats and sank them at will. There was no opposition.

The Chinese had managed earlier to move out of Hankow a huge quantity of material. Part of the sewer system in Hankow is shallow, only two feet below the surface of the ground. These ditches are covered with perforated steel plates. It was interesting to see the Chinese collect these thousands of steel sewer covers. They were to be shipped to Free China. At least 150 larger factories were moved bodily to Free China, and 15,000 tons of machinery reached Chungking by small boats and steamers.

Besides this quantity of machinery, all manner of other equipment, merchandise, hospital goods, and supplies of various sorts were shipped out of Hankow for Free China and the new capital. At this time the Japa-

nese threatened to pursue Chiang Kai-shek to Chungking itself. "But," said the Generalissimo, "even if the Japanese drive us out of China we will be back again to retake our lost territory." It is six years since the Japanese made the threat and General Chiang is still in Chungking.

Chungking is situated in the lap of Szechuan Province, long known as not only the largest province in China but one of the richest. Agriculturally, Szechuan is incredibly fertile. It produces two or more crops a year. The rice yield is about ten per cent above the average, and this year's crop will see them through at least another twelve months of war. Szechuan produces a vast amount of wood oil which normally is exported. The orange crop is large and of a good variety. The silk industry is splendid. The production of hides and pig bristles is large.

Szechuan mineral wealth is even more striking. There are fairly large deposits of iron, copper, and coal, and some zinc and nickel. The salt domes of the province are famous. There is a cement factory at Chungking, an acid factory at Pei Pei, cotton factories, power plants, and numerous industries scattered among the hills or hidden away in the famous Chungking caves.

The Chungking stores are stacked high with all kinds of merchandise—fountain pens, watches, toys, shoes, toilet articles, bolts of cloth, and even luxuries. The restaurants and tea shops are filled with happy-go-lucky civilians. There does not seem to be much rationing except of rice, salt, and sugar. If you have the cash you can buy anything you like—even American brands of coffee and malted milk powder.

After four o'clock on a summer day the streets are crowded with people. Before that time it is too hot. Some wander about aimlessly—others are in a hurry to get home from their offices. Most of the people seem well-

dressed and well-fed. There are very few beggars. Sometimes as you stand waiting for a bus a gentle breeze will cool you off and you sigh inwardly with relief. As the breeze continues unabated you wonder what its source may be, and, turning, you find a beggar with a fan in his hand asking for alms.

The natives of Chungking are certainly more backward than those in the coastal cities of China. Chungking is only a third-rate Chinese city or, if we stretch a point, we can possibly place her as a second-rate city.

Two things shock an American as he enters Chungking city. One is the sewage stench noticeable everywhere. Let us remember that Chungking has been bombed to bits and that the sewer system, never ideal, has not been entirely repaired. Moreover, women still allow their children to use the street as a toilet. These unsanitary conditions reflect on the Department of Sanitation.

Another state of affairs still more shocking to an American is the thousands and thousands of young men who roam the streets—their black hair slicked back on their heads, wearing silk shirts, smoking cigarettes, and to all appearances living a soft and carefree life. In the United States there is a dearth of young men. They have all volunteered or been conscripted for the armed forces. In Chungking thousands of young men roam the streets, work in offices, and attend the crowded cinemas. There are two reasons advanced as to why there are so many young men roaming about. One is that China has enough soldiers and does not need any more recruits. The other is that if you have money you can bribe your way out of conscription. This is no secret to anyone. There are very few rich men's sons in the Chinese army. They are too good for cannon fodder. The sons of influential men in the Chinese Government are most of them in important administrative positions. No wonder there is dissatisfaction.

tion among the masses. Why should the poor lads fight the battles for the rich men's sons who dress in silks and satins while the soldier at the front has neither decent clothes nor the wherewithal to fill his belly? A missionary recently arrived in Chungking. He mentioned that his young boy had just been drafted. His listeners, most of them influential Chungkingites, said, "Oh, isn't it wonderful!" But they made no mention of their own sons. Of course, there are exceptions, but a visit to any of the cities in Free China will show that thousands of young Chinese men have little idea of the war that their country is waging.

Chungking and Chengtu are the cultural and educational centers of Free China. Chengtu is more or less the educational center of the colleges under Christian auspices. Chungking has nine colleges. I think this figure is correct as I attended an oratorical contest, as a judge, where nine colleges were represented. There may be a number of technical schools not included in this figure. According to recent figures released by the Minister of Education, Mr. Chen Li-fu, there are at present 19,200,000 students in the schools of Free China, and a teaching staff of 750,000. This would seem to indicate that China's educational program is expanding in spite of the war.

Chungking is the heart and center of China's resistance. From Chungking radiate the orders of the day in every sphere of activity. Some foreigners are prone to criticize the Chinese Government, but in spite of its weaknesses the Chungking Government has amazed the world. The building of the Burma road was a major engineering feat accomplished by human labor. Many Chinese gave their lives building that road with its hairpin turns. They had to fight the elements, difficult terrain, Japanese bombers, and mischievous monkeys who rolled rocks from the cliffs to interrupt the work.

China has again surprised the world. General Chiang Kai-shek sent orders to the Governor of Szechuan asking for the greatest levy of man-power in Chinese history. America wanted to bomb Japan with her new B-29 super-bombers and she needed air bases the size of thirty football fields with a runway two miles long. Within seventeen days 200,000 farmers had assembled. The number swelled to 430,000. These men worked from sunrise to sunset levelling the ground with hoes, carrying the clay in small baskets, and transporting rocks from the river beds. In a few months a series of mammoth air bases, the largest in Asia, were completed, and one fine day the beautiful bombers from India swooped down over them with munitions, supplies, and bombs for Tokyo. Not much later we heard that from bases in West China, American B-29's bombed Japan, Manchuria, and North China. China had again amazed the world.

In Chungking are centered all the governmental departments of the Kuomintang. All the high officials of the Chinese Government live here. Most of China's generals are concentrated in or near Chungking. As proof of this, try to rent or buy some land. You will be told this belongs to this general. That property belongs to that general. If land ownership is any indication then there are many Chinese generals here. They have plenty of money and invest it wisely in real estate.

After a year of recess the People's Political Council is again in session in Chungking. This is the third plenary session since its inauguration in Hankow six years ago, and in view of the rapidly shifting political events, this session is considered most decisive and important. In his opening address the Generalissimo stressed that this was "the most trying hour" in Chinese history. National unity was emphasized. "If the military command of our country cannot be unified, victory cannot be achieved; if our political measures cannot be unified, success in na-

tional reconstruction cannot be attained. To strengthen the foundation of our nation, all our people should abandon personal prejudices and sacrifice private interests."

No one doubts that extremely delicate problems face the People's Political Council. One of these is unity. There are rifts and schisms. Plottings and conspiracy go on day and night. Out of this chaotic condition General Chiang Kai-shek is appealing for unity and the abandoning of personal prejudices. Some think the Chinese Government is headed for Fascism. But Fascism or no Fascism, will General Chiang Kai-shek be able to hold the dissenting factions together? That is the paramount question of the hour. Many believe that the Generalissimo is a big enough man to carry the day. History alone will prove whether they are right or wrong.

In spite of the momentous issues at stake in Chungking, the one million civilians of this city carry on as if nothing has happened or will happen. In fact, there has been no air raid for over a month. There have been no red balls on yonder pole. One red ball means that enemy planes have been sighted. Two red balls mean that they are in the province of Szechuan itself. It also means, "Run into your air raid shelter as a gopher runs to its hole." Three times in four months have we had to sit in these dripping shelters waiting for the all-clear. At night red lanterns are used instead of red balls. But recently there have been no red balls and no red lanterns. There is nothing to disturb the industrious Chungkingites.

One day I asked, "Why doesn't Chiang Kai-shek take a vacation or visit America as other great statesmen do, to talk China's cause?" The answer came in a whisper, "Why, he can't leave Chungking. If he did the whole thing would collapse." So with his bare hands the Generalissimo is holding the country together until that day when victory is assured.

China today is facing a crisis within and crises from without. Some say it is darkest just before dawn. But Chungkingites do not seem to worry. Why be anxious? We haven't seen a red lantern for thirty days.

C H A P T E R N I N E T E E N

Can China Win?

TODAY there are three groups or forces in China fighting the Japanese—the Chinese National Party, the Communists, and the war lords. Their strength is in the order given. The Nationalistic Party is in control and is by far the strongest. The Communists do as they like in northwest China, ruling over vast territories and taking few or no orders from the Chungking regime. They number some 200,000 to 300,000 armed soldiers. If they were not fighting the Japanese they would certainly be fighting the central government. The war lords are dwindling in power but some of them still hold virtual sway over certain provinces. It is rumored that they are making handsome incomes from profiteering and trading with the Japanese.

In spite of the differences in ideals and policies of these three groups, they all seem to recognize General Chiang Kai-shek as the only leader in China today who can maintain the respect of all parties. His leadership has been unflinchingly heroic and anti-Japanese. A weaker leader would long ago have capitulated to the enemy.

The politics of the Nationalistc Party are dominated largely by the two brothers, Chen Li-fu and Chen Kuo-fu. As chief of the personnel bureau of Chiang Kai-shek's headquarters, Chen Kuo-fu controls all interviews with the Generalissimo. His brother has even more influence, as Minister of Education. The Generalissimo is personally much attached to these two men, and there are those who feel the "Chen clique" has too much power.

The Communist problem in China is the thorniest one, especially since no one knows what her connections are with Soviet Russia. Some think that as soon as the war is over there will be civil war in China between the Communists and the National Party. Even if this should happen it is felt in most circles that General Chiang would crush the Communists in six months.

China is facing perhaps the most critical year of her war with Japan. The drive of the Japanese to seize Honan Province has been quite successful. Crossing the Yellow River in force for the first time since the war started, the Japanese columns drove both west and south. Westward they reached as far as Loyang and seized that strategically located city and ancient capital of China. By seizing Loyang the Japanese virtually gained control of the whole Lung-Hai railroad running from east to west. By taking Loyang the Japanese also gained control of one of China's best air fields. Driving south from Cheng-chow the Japanese in quick succession seized the railway centers of Hsüchow, Yencheng, and Chumatien, thus completing the occupation of the entire Pin-Han railway through Honan Province. This means that the Japanese are now in control of the entire railway from Peking to Hankow. I was once told by an American adviser to the Chinese Government that the Pin-Han railroad passes through the richest territory of any railroad in the world. The Japanese now have the complete line

and are feverishly making the road-bed usable for troop movements and the shipping of supplies.

In spite of the large Chinese armies in Honan there seemed to be very little organized resistance. Up to this time there has been no real explanation of the Honan debacle. Refugees, both Chinese and foreign, coming from this area, say that the Chinese soldiers were tired, shabbily dressed, and emaciated. Some were so sick they could hardly walk. Rumors say that some of the Chinese generals sold out to the Japanese. Others say that the Communists refused to fight in northwest China. Whatever the reason for this defeat, it is quite clear to all observers that the Chinese army is no match for the mechanized Japanese units. Certainly on the flat plains of Honan the Chinese did not stand a ghost of a chance and were out-maneuvered, out-flanked, and out-generaled. By taking Honan Province, the Japanese also gained access to huge conquests of grain supplies.

Not satisfied with their conquests in Honan Province, the Japanese renewed their drive to take the strategic city of Changsha, located in Hunan Province on the Yangtze river and on the Canton-Hankow railway. Most readers will remember that the Chinese had at three different times defeated the Japanese in their attempt to take Changsha. It now remained to be seen whether the Japanese could take Changsha in their fourth attempt. The drive was launched from Hankow and Soochow. Rumors were numerous that the Chinese were not planning to defend Changsha but expected to retreat to Hengyang farther south where they would meet the Japanese and administer them a major defeat. Changsha did fall quickly to the Japanese and there was no fierce resistance as in former years. The Chinese effected a delaying action and retreated southward, leaving all of the big cities of northeast Hunan to fall into Japanese hands. However, as anticipated, the Chinese clung to Hengyang for seven

weeks. They put up a heroic resistance and the Japanese suffered heavy casualties. The 14th American Air Force and the Chinese-American Composite Wing gave the defenders of Hengyang excellent air support, but in spite of this the Chinese lost Hengyang and its magnificent air base. This again proves that air power alone is not sufficient and that an army of soldiers without tanks and heavy artillery cannot outsmart the enemy.

The Japanese are continuing their advance southward on the Hankow-Canton railway. It is reported that Kweilin is their next objective. By seizing such air bases as Loyang, Changsha, Hengyang, and Kweilin, the Japanese have greatly weakened the striking power of the American and Chinese air forces. It is not believed that the Japanese have enough airplanes to continue any big air operations from these bases against us, but by seizing them she has weakened our position as we cannot use these bases in our attacks against her.

There is some speculation whether, after the fall of Kweilin, the Japanese will make a bid for a passageway to Burma or Indo-China. If she succeeds in taking the Hankow-Canton railway, as now seems imminent, she will have control of the railway from Canton in the south to Peking in the north, and thus be able to cut China in two. She could then direct her operations to mopping up the Chinese remnants and guerillas between the railroad and the sea, and in this way greatly hamper any designs which the Allies may have for landing on the China coast.

Another possibility which is not pleasant to think about is that the Japanese, after taking Kweilin, may head for Kweiyang, and thus cut the only land route from Chungking to Kunming in Yunnan Province. A further possibility is that the Japanese may move westward from Loyang and seize Sian, in Shensi Province. From there they could effect a severance of the route to

Lanchow, which is the only remaining inlet for supplies from Soviet Russia. If Japan should be able to effect this pincer movement and seize Kweiyang and Sian, Chungking would be isolated from the east, north, and south, and she would be left to "die on the vine," to use an American term from the South Pacific.

Thus the political situation in China is the worst it has been for seven years. The morale of the Chinese armies is not only at a low ebb but there is danger of a complete collapse of the whole military machine. It is not a question of courage or endurance. The Chinese soldier has time and again demonstrated that he has an abundance of both. It is a question of supply, equipment, and food. The average Chinese soldier is half-starved. His clothes are ragged, his face is sallow, his straw sandals, which he makes himself, continually fall to pieces, and many of the soldiers are barefoot. It is doubtful whether the Allied troops either in Europe or the South Pacific could continue as the Chinese soldier. The Burma campaign has demonstrated that when equipped and trained the Chinese soldier fights heroically. The question of how to train China's soldiers is one of the biggest problems facing General Chiang Kai-shek. To fight mechanized warfare one needs mechanized troops, highly trained.

China's weakness is not that she has too small an army. She has too large an army. The drain of the Chinese army on the Chinese people is terrific. Numbers are not an asset when soldiers are poorly equipped, but rather a liability. If China had one million soldiers trained in modern warfare she would be far stronger than with her seven million half-starved fighters.

We have often heard it said that if we could supply the Chinese armies with arms and equipment she would drive the Japanese into the sea. It now seems clear to most observers that if we wait until the Chinese army is

trained in modern warfare it will be too late. Japan will have seized every province of China, and even Chungking itself. It takes time to train illiterate men in the use of highly technical mechanized instruments. We cannot wait until China gets supplies in quantities—when will that be? To bring Japan to her knees the Allies will have to invade China at the earliest possible moment. France could not think of liberating her own country, but with the help of the Allies the complete liberation of France is now a reality.

Unless we come to the rescue of China soon it may take years to accomplish what should not take more than months. If we permit Japan to consolidate her positions further than she has, it may take us five to ten years to drive her out of China proper. It is imperative for our Allies to realize that the battle for Japan will be fought, not only in the Pacific and in Japan, but in China. Unless the Japanese are driven out of China, we can take all the islands of the sea, including the mainland of Japan, and the Japanese will continue to expand and build her mighty empire on the mainland of Asia, using the man-power of Korea, Manchuria, and China to confront the Allies with a problem which will not be solved until we come to grips with it on Chinese soil.

These thoughts are not particularly encouraging, but we believe that they present a viewpoint which the Allies have soft-pedaled. China will be liberated only when Allied troops land on Chinese soil. Chinese guerillas, government troops and patriots, intoxicated by such an invasion, would immediately spring up everywhere, as did the patriots of France, and the Japanese would be liquidated in a matter of months. These thoughts are submitted for American consumption and the consumption of our Allies who believe in the early liberation of our proud but fettered China.

C H A P T E R T W E N T Y

“Return My Rivers and Mountains!”

PROFESSIONAL writers visit China for a few weeks and then write a book about China. Journalists with travel priorities fly over a few Chinese cities, meet one or two Chinese generals, dine with Madame and General Chiang Kai-shek, and then write long and supposedly authentic articles for leading Western magazines. Globetrotters with a “yen” for travel visit a few inland Chinese towns, live on Chinese diet for thirty days and lose thirty pounds, absorb a few ancient Chinese stories, and almost overnight produce a best seller back home.

I was born in a Chinese mud hut in the city of Sin-yang, Honan. My father acted as midwife and when I had arrived safely he knelt on the mud floor and offered prayer and praise to God. My parents were missionaries. The period in which I was born may be referred to as the “period of the war lords” in modern Chinese history. I remember as a boy hearing father tell about the various factions fighting for power. In later years my father was killed as two opposing war lords fought for the

supremacy of Honan and the city of my birth, Sinyang. I was in Hankow in 1911 when the first shots of the Chinese revolution resounded and the revolutionists overthrew the Manchus and established the Chinese Republic. In 1927 General Chiang Kai-shek made his triumphal march from Canton to Hankow. Later he broke with the Communists and established the Kuomintang Party. From then on General Chiang made it his business to fight the Communists in China. In 1927-1928 the Communists committed many atrocities against the Christian church and especially against the missionaries. Many missionaries were captured and held for ransom. One of these was my brother, the Reverend Bert Nelson, who was captured by the Communists in 1928 and killed by them in 1930. Other relatives, including a son who died in infancy, lie buried in four different provinces in China. I mention these facts to show that my family has deep roots in Chinese soil. I love the Chinese people. Even the clay of the land is sacred to me because in it lie buried the bones of my loved ones.

For twelve years I served as a missionary, devoting the major portion of my time to rural work. I ate Chinese food, lived with the Chinese, talked and laughed with the peasants, slept in their homes, planned and worked with them. I traveled on bike and on foot over the highways and byways of inland China, and helped organize schools and congregations. I drew up the crude blueprints for chapels and school buildings, bought bricks, lime, and sand, and bargained for big trees to be sawed up and used for lumber. I preached, baptized, married, and buried. I think I can safely say that in those twelve years I came to know something about this people which cannot be derived from books or interviews. I want to draw from some of these experiences my conclusions regarding the Chinese people, which have led to my complete faith in them.

The Japanese had rained destruction on a tiny Chinese village, thinking it was of strategic military value. When I heard that the mission had been bombed and that many people had been killed, I jumped on my bicycle and bumped over rutty country paths for twenty miles, reaching the village at dusk. The heartless Japanese had bombed the village systematically from north to south and from east to west. There were two direct bomb hits in the mission but no one was killed. The evangelist had urged all to leave. He himself, hiding under a shaky kitchen table, escaped death miraculously when a bomb exploded just outside the house. Hundreds of people were killed when they failed to heed the air raid warnings or could not be accommodated by the insufficient shelters. The situation looked rather hopeless. The house I had lived in a few days previously had received a direct hit. Shrapnel was strewn everywhere. I saw people walking around with shrapnel in arms and legs. There were no doctors or nurses. Stopping one man who was limping along with a chunk of iron in his leg, I said to him, "Big brother, why don't you have that taken out?" I noticed the wound was infected. The farmer smiled good-naturedly. "There is no doctor within a day's journey," he said, "and furthermore, I would not have the money to have it done. But why worry, they say that when there is enough pus the iron will come out by itself."

On my way home I came upon a woman sitting among the smoldering ruins of what used to be her home. As she sat on a tiny stool, mending cloth shoes, she looked up and volunteered information concerning the Japanese barbarians and how they had destroyed her home with incendiary bombs. Then with a wave of her hand she said, "It doesn't matter. The men will soon be back and then we will build ourselves a new home. The old shack needed repairs anyway." I thought to myself, "Folks with

courage and faith like that will live on. Bombs cannot destroy them."

I was on my way back from a long trip. In fact I was trying to effect a crossing of the flood-waters of the Yellow river between the Japanese and Chinese forces. (This was before Pearl Harbor.) I had just "talked my way" through some Japanese guards and felt in particularly high spirits. After pushing my bike through the silt and sand for a whole day I arrived at the edge of the Yellow River. There was no place to stay, so the Chinese postman and I both slept on one door that night. It is amazing that the Japanese and the Chinese alike let the postmen go through their lines daily with mail. At certain sections the postmen are blindfolded but otherwise they are not molested.

When the Chinese broke the Yellow river dikes early in the war to stop the Japanese advance from Kaifeng, they released torrents of water which swept over the land for tens of miles and filled the whole countryside with silt and sand. Whole villages were completely inundated so that only the tiled roofs were visible. One day I was talking to some of the villagers and an old man told me his story of hardship. When he had finished he pointed to a spot of barren sand and said, "My father and mother lie buried over there." I lifted my head but could see no sign of any grave or tombstone, so I turned to the old man and said, "I see no grave mound." "Do you see the top of those branches poking out of the sand?" he asked. "That was our old pear tree. The ancestral mounds are at the base of the pear tree. The graves are below ten feet of sand, but my old father and mother lie right over there." We were both silent for a while. The deep sense of filial piety among the Chinese is something strong and abiding. Will God permit the destruction of a nation of sons and daughters who hold their parents in high regard?

The Japanese officer asked for my papers. When he saw that I was an American he threw my passport on the ground and had two Japanese soldiers usher me out of the camp, at the point of the bayonet. As I stood outside the barricade the officer urged me to get farther away. He evidently could not stand the sight of an American, and since our attitudes at the moment were mutual, I moved off into the dark night. As this was a strange part of the country to me, I did not know where to go. Finally I stumbled into a deserted temple, where I made friends with a Chinese beggar. When he was satisfied that I was a white man and not a "small Japanese devil," as he called the enemy, he invited me to share his simple meal. He scraped a bowl of hot but sour fried rice out of the skillet and handed it to me. I tried to take one bite but it was too much for me. Said the beggar, "Are you sick? Can't you eat?" Then as he understood he said, "Ah, you are not used to this humble fare." Besides offering to share with me the pile of straw he used for a bed, the beggar had a ragged quilt filled with vermin that he insisted I use. I was equally emphatic that he keep his blanket, but my protests were of no avail, so the Chinese tramp covered the white man with his quilt and in a few minutes was fast asleep with his bare feet pulled up close to his body. It was then that the white man had his turn and covered the beggar with the blanket. The poverty of this man did not impress me so much as his hospitality. The next morning I left early but I can still see the beggar standing there with his crooked smile as he waved goodbye. The Chinese people have been reduced to untold poverty by seven years of war but most of them still maintain a poise in their human relationships which puts us Westerners to shame. Wherever I have been in China I have been treated as a friend and the Chinese have shared with me what they had. They crave equality and when we learn to treat them as our brothers and

equals we shall have won one of the friendliest nations in the world to our side.

Some say the Chinese want others to fight their battles for them and that they are afraid to die for their country. Witness the heroic stand of the Chinese at Shanghai against the combined navy, land and air forces of Nippon. Recall the epic victory of the Chinese at Taier-chuang when their men bled and died until the Japanese had no more bullets with which to riddle them. Chang-sha withstood three attacks and the Chinese defenders thrilled the world with their repeated victories over the Japanese armored forces. What about the recent seven-week defense of Hengyang in Hunan Province? There the Chinese mowed down the Japanese for weeks and fought on only with supplies dropped from the 14th American Air Force and the Chinese Air Force. These instances are sufficient to prove that the Chinese are brave and have died by the millions in defense of their country.

The Japanese had bombed us twelve times one day. It was rumored that their army was close to our city. I climbed a high tower and with a pair of field glasses watched a handful of defenders try to stop a Japanese mechanized unit. The enemy charged and recharged, falling flat on their bellies. The Chinese tried to hinder their advance, but in less than an hour the Japanese hordes swarmed into our city killing civilians at will and setting fire to the city. I saw those civilians defending their city and dying in the effort. How can cynics say the Chinese do not fight?

On making another of my trips from Japanese-occupied territory to Chinese territory (also before Pearl Harbor) I came to a small village where I noticed many wounded and dead Japanese. I perceived there was trouble. When the invaders tried to stop me I pretended to be in a desperate hurry and on an important errand.

Wounded Japanese were being carried hither and yon on stretchers. Soldiers were washing blood-stained clothes by the wells. I hurried through the village and did not stop until I ran into a group of Chinese guerillas. Their leader stopped me and asked what had happened in yonder village. I told him the picture was not clear to me but that I had seen many Japanese dead and wounded. The guerillas burst into shouting and threw their black caps in the air for joy. The officer smiled as if satisfied. I pressed them for an explanation and here is in effect what the guerilla chief said, "Well, you see, we heard that the Japanese were to celebrate on a certain night. There was to be drinking, gambling, and women. We thought it would be a good time to surprise them, so on the appointed night a few hundred of us guerillas climbed over the mud walls on ladders. Then we ran through the dark night throwing hand grenades into shops, restaurants, and inns. After a swift raid we all escaped. Now we are wondering how much damage we did. We didn't fire a shot. All we did was to throw our hand grenades." The Chinese guerillas operate behind the Japanese lines, even to the very edge of the Pacific Ocean. I have had contact with them in both Free and Occupied China.

We give deserved credit to the men who are fighting China's battles. But there is one class of people who do not usually receive much praise for their war effort, and I am referring to the common men and women of the soil, who are fighting China's battles behind the lines. Home industries are thriving all over China because women and girls are back at their old spinning wheels, spinning thread from cotton. The spindles are taken to the market and sold to the merchants who operate the hand looms. Cloth for Chinese civilians, as well as for China's armies, is now made locally. Only the rich can afford to wear fine factory cloth smuggled in from the

Japanese capitalists. Stockings are made on crude hand-operated machines. Soap, candles, matches, leather shoes, paper, and a hundred varieties of articles for every-day use are now made in Chinese home industries. Unemployment does not seem to be a problem.

The way in which China is solving her transportation problem has made a deep impression on me. All of her main railways and highways were taken over years ago by the Japanese. There is no regular bus or truck service except that operated by military missions, and the number of trucks they employ in the whole of China is only a few hundred. What was China to do? How was she to transport her supplies from province to province? The answer was, man-power. The burden-bearers of China came to the rescue. I once made a three-day trip on which I had ample opportunity to see how these human caravans operated. I saw an unbroken line of burden-bearers for three days carrying supplies on their backs for China's armies and for China's civilian use. They walked single-file, like Indians, sure-footed and strong. One reason for walking single-file was that the paths were so narrow. Moreover, in case of an air raid the caravan would not then be so vulnerable. When the planes came, the men put their burdens down and jumped into fox-holes beside the road. If one of their comrades was killed or wounded, the other burden-bearers would divide his burden among themselves—"sharing one another's burdens." When I saw that three-day caravan swinging the burdens of the nation on their backs I was inspired and thrilled. They were carrying cotton, oil, beans, salt, cloth, and military supplies on their bare backs. There was no hardship too great for them to face, no load too heavy. They were carrying the burdens of their nation on their backs. I said to myself, "Chiang Kai-shek is right. China cannot be defeated." China's women know how to "eat bitterness" and her men know how to toil and sweat, with the

burdens of the nation on their backs. Let us pause in tribute to the peasants of China—those unsung heroes and heroines of the soil.

The Chinese sense of land ownership is tremendous. They have lived for thousands of years on the same soil. Families and clans can trace their ancestry back hundreds of years. Dr. H. H. Kung, former Minister of Finance of the Chinese Government, can trace his lineage back some two thousand years to Confucius.

On the ancestral tombstones in family farmyards and courtyards are inscribed the family histories. These tombs stand as silent but effective proof that the land in China belongs to the present-day Chinese and was inherited by them from their forebears.

In 1937 the Japanese hordes swept down on China like wolves on the fold, and in quick succession the great cities of Peking, Tientsin, Tsingtao, Tsinan, Shanghai, Nankin, Hankow, and Canton fell to the invaders. For seven years they have systematically and ruthlessly plundered and destroyed China's cities and farms, and forced fifty million people to flee for their lives. Although the Japanese have occupied much of the richest part of China, the land possessed is not theirs. They have come like thieves in the night, but international theft can never be justified. Stolen land must be returned.

The Chinese family must be given a chance to survive. One of the sources of China's strength lies in the family system. The Chinese sense of family life and ownership is so strong that bombs cannot destroy it. How the Chinese long for the day when they can return to their farms and cities! They long for a normal family life and are content with the ordinary blessings of life. They want their homes back. The Chinese are not an inhuman mass of conglomerate Asiatics. China is a nation of 450 million pulsating hearts. Each heart longs for freedom, peace, and home.

The Chinese love their rice paddies and the buffaloes splashing through the muddy fields. They love their waving fields of millet and wheat. They love their swaying bamboo groves and the wind whistling through the pine trees. They love their pagodas and temples and the gnarled old trees in the courtyard. They love their farms and threshing floors and the stone mill by the stream. They love their children romping around the hut. They love their rivers and valleys. In short, they love their country and they want it back.

The Japanese war lords boast proudly that they are making history by their new conquests. Yes, the Japanese gangsters are writing a new chapter in history but at a tremendous cost. Their swords and hands are dripping with the blood of slaughtered innocent civilians. The cries of widows and orphans and humiliated virgins are sufficient proof to the world of Japan's inhumanity. But justice will triumph over wrong.

China today is crying for the return of her lost territory. Was it not a Chinese general who fought the Manchus with this slogan, "Return ye my mountains and rivers!" Today the deep yearning of every Chinese is the same. "Japan, return my mountains and rivers!" May the day be not far distant when China can again be free to enjoy the fruits of her land and to work out her high destiny among the great nations of the earth!



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